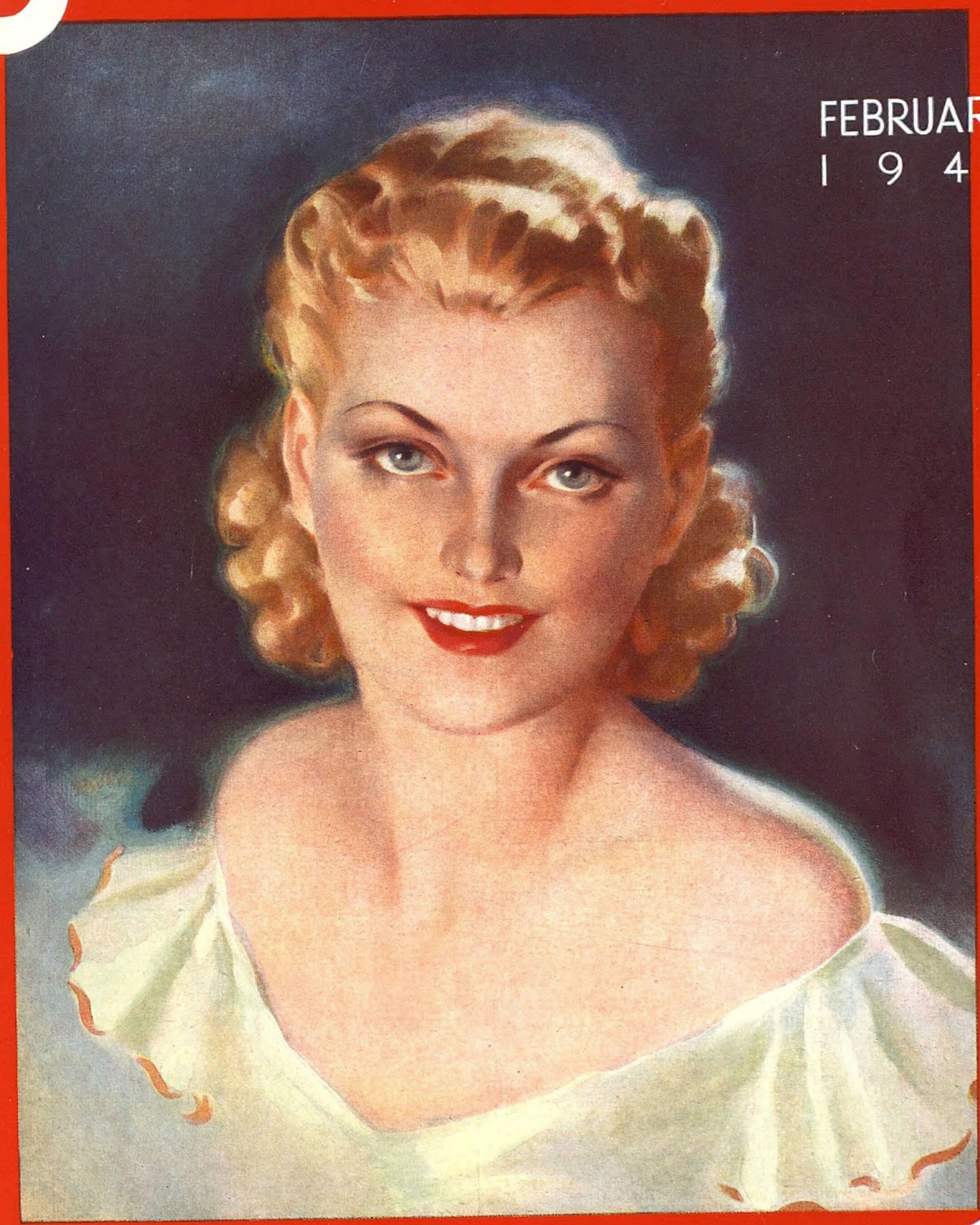
BRITANNIA and EVE



FEBRUARY
1941

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GORDON BECKLES
JANE GORDON
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1/-

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

18th CENTURY PROPHECY

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

(*Translated from Gray's 'Luna Habitabilis', Cambridge* 1737)

Make it come true! Just two hundred years ago this remarkable vision of the war in the air was written down in Latin verse by the great English poet who composed the famous 'Elegy'. To make Great Britain 'Sovereign of the conquered air' is now our task. There is no time to 'stare at the flying fleets', we must exert all our energies to increase them. Everyone must help. You can help with money. Save every shilling you can and lend it to the Nation!

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into* 3% *Savings Bonds* 1955-1965, 2½% *National War Bonds* 1946-1948, *or* 3% *Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR

DON'T WASTE IT

MINISTRY OF FOOD
LONDON S.W.1

This is the emblem of the Ministry of Food. It is the banner under which you, too, are fighting; helping to defeat the enemy's attempt to starve us out.

Through rationing, price control and other measures, the Ministry of Food sees that all get a fair share of essential foods at fair prices.

But nearly half of our food comes across the sea. The U-boats attack our food ships, and although most arrive safely, some are lost.

Now, here is *your* part in the fight for Victory. When a particular food is not available, cheerfully accept something else — home produced if possible. Keep loyally to the rationing regulations.

Above all — whether you are shopping, cooking or eating — remember "FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR. DON'T WASTE IT."

Woolton.
MINISTER OF FOOD

Issued by The Ministry of Food (S1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 22, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1941

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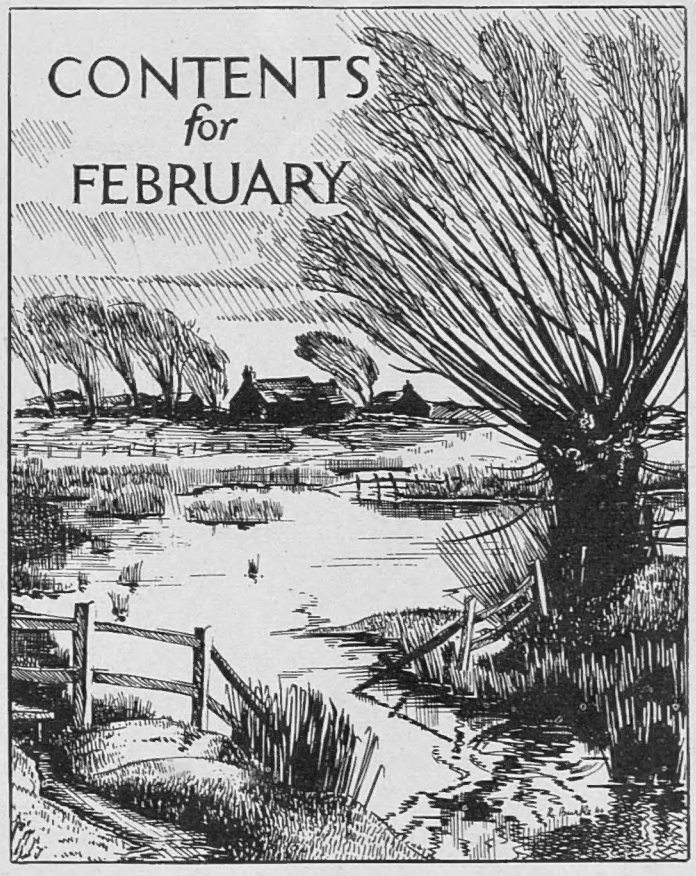

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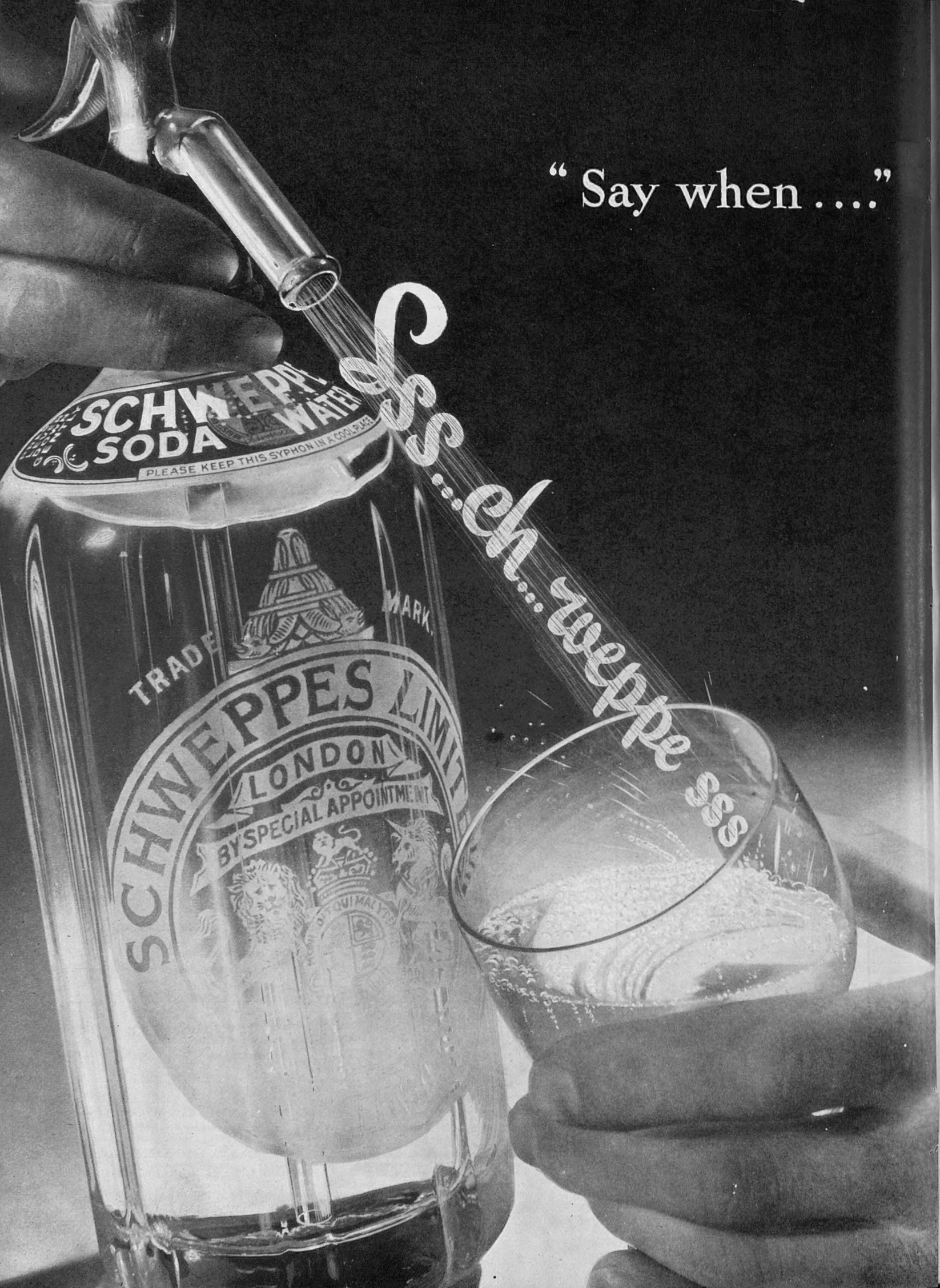

"Say when...."
Sss...ch...ssppe ss
SCHWEPPES
SODA WATER
PLEASE KEEP THIS SYPHON IN A COOL PLACE
TRADE MARK
SCHWEPPES LIMITED
LONDON
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 2

Charles I and Oliver Cromwell

This statue of Charles I, now encased in its own bomb shelter, stands in Trafalgar Square. It was cast in 1633, while he was still the young king

WHAT were the King's thoughts on this memorable January 30, 1649, when he "nothing common did or mean"?

The morning was grey and snow was falling. Ten o'clock had just struck as the King stepped from the eastern door of St. James's Palace. He had wrapped around him a black velvet cloak, but was bareheaded. Ironsides in leather doublets and steel helmets walked beside him, their eyes averted.

"Walk apace," he urged them. Already he could hear the murmur of the mob in Whitehall. He was still their king, they were still his people. In a few minutes he would speak to them for the last time.

His conscience was clear. If there were any faults on his side, then surely they were inherited. He had come to the throne nearly a quarter of a century before in a welter of conspiracy. He had been left a legacy of wars, and wars had to be paid for. There was the perpetual struggle with Spain, and the running battle with France. Where was the money to come from? Members of Parliament were shy of giving it. Even London's aldermen refused him the gold he needed.

Then there were the endless religious quarrels which every now and then flared up into a holocaust of bloodshed and martyrdom. Who could think that a simple royal request to use surplices in Scottish churches could lead to rebellion? To open battle between the two nations? Perhaps the whole trouble was that the people were beginning to forget the benefits of having upon the throne a man who ruled by Divine right.

Yes, perhaps that was it; for what thanks had he got for his long battle with Parliament—on behalf of his people? He was quite certain in his mind on that point. It *was* for his people that he was fighting. Those eleven long years when he ruled without a Parliament; all those rebellious Members whom he very properly imprisoned for lack of respect to the people's king; all done for his people, that they might be happier and free from the machinations of wicked politicians. Naseby, Rowton Heath, Oxford—it had been a turbulent reign. The agony of the Civil War, its loyalties and its treacheries, its cruelties and its final disaster for the king who ruled by the direct Will of God.

Oliver Cromwell was saying that he, too, was inspired by God; it must have been a different God.

The snow-clad procession was approaching the banqueting rooms in Whitehall now. The vast crowds were held back by row upon row of Ironsides, dour men with long halberds. In front of the middle window of the hall a scaffold had been erected. Such a scaffold as he had let his friend and adviser, Strafford, die upon nine years before. Had he betrayed Strafford? No, not a betrayal; hardly that. It was just that Strafford was unfortunate. And the unlucky ones must be sacrificed for the good of the State—as he himself was now being sacrificed, illegally and unjustly, and by men who would surely live to regret the sacrilege which they were about to commit.

Farther down Whitehall, in Old Palace Yard, is the statue of Oliver Cromwell, the leader of the Great Rebellion against Charles

It was still snowing as he stepped through the first-floor window of the Banqueting Hall on to the high scaffold. It seemed that in the sea of upturned faces only the detestable Ironsides emerged, row upon row. Somewhere in the background of London greyness were his people. "I am not suffered to speak!" had been his last words at his trial. Now he had his chance. But who beyond the rebels would hear his words?

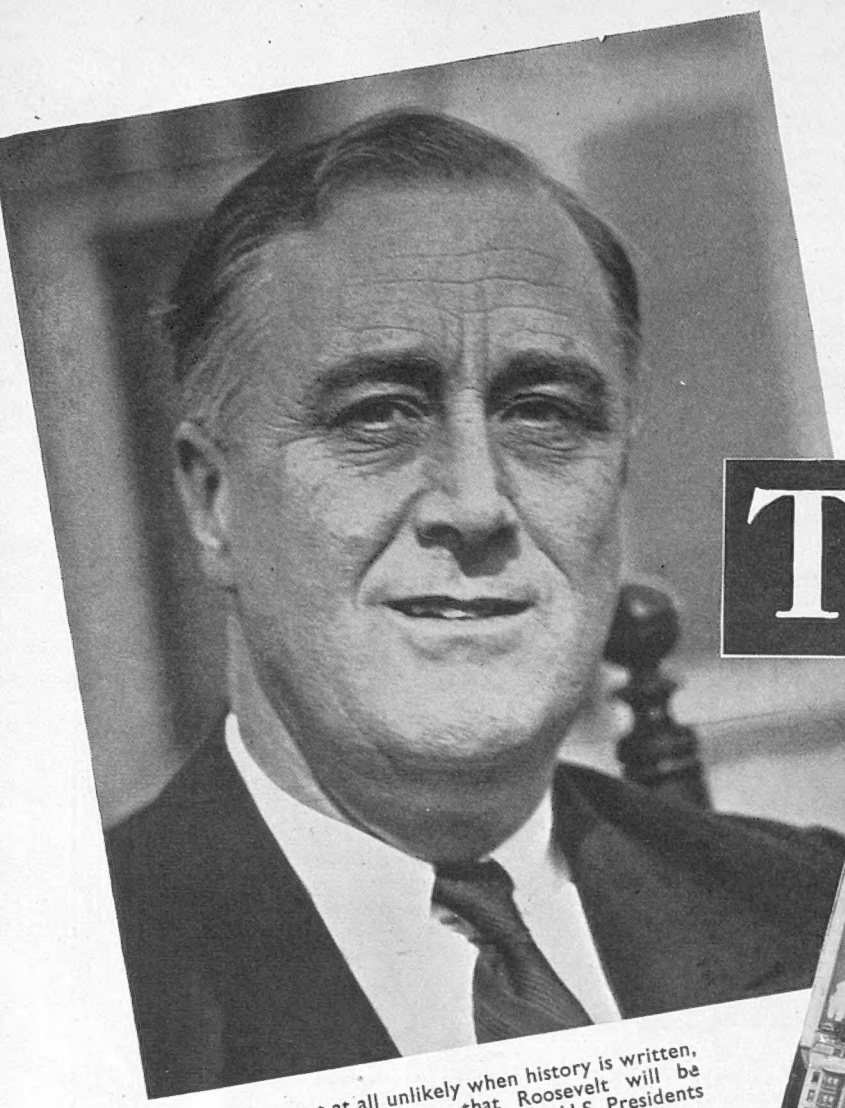
Slowly, and with the drawling stutter with which he always spoke, Charles the First gave last voice to his philosophy. "I have always desired the liberty of the people," he said. "But a sovereign and a subject are different things."

An officer touched him on the arm. (*Continued on page 72*)

mind. The man who juggles with lives and treaties, without ever giving a damn how the people themselves really lived. To him, they were just peasants. He might saunter over there, and say a few kindly words to the embarrassed mayor—if he thought it expedient, for political purposes, to placate the inhabitants of this district. In fact, he would rather have enjoyed even this paltry opportunity for showing off. But otherwise he didn't give a whoop how the people lived.

What is more, with *his* type of mind, he could never have found out. Not even if he had tried. He did not know the questions he ought to ask, the things to look for. He had a soul which could not sense the *meaning* of that modest placid life. And I often thought: If old Franz Josef were alive, my friend, he would kick you painfully in the seat of your pants!

The Things



It is not at all unlikely when history is written, some years hence, that Roosevelt will be accepted as the greatest of the U.S. Presidents

When Roosevelt was first elected in 1932 all the wise ones in the United States, including many of his staunchest supporters, were astounded when he decided to go after Wall Street

IN the Dinaric Alps of Yugoslavia I had the exotic experience of climbing with the spring. In other words, when the snow had melted round our little wooden chalet in the valley all I had to do was climb a few hundred yards up the mountain behind us. And there it lay, glinting in the Alpine meadows, under the glaring sun. Then when the first crocus thrust its pretty head through this winter coat, I could find deep, cool, dry snow in the dark pine forest. Then the meadows became vivid green; the gentians came; and soon the valleys were carpeted with little flowers whose names I shall probably never know.

The beech trees broke into leaf in the very lower valley. But their brown buds were tight as I climbed higher up. Finally there came a day when, I knew, spring had got as far as it would ever get. All trees were in green. Only the grey rocks above me held their eternal snow. And from there, I could stare down through my glasses at the sapphire Adriatic.

All hell was being raised across the Adriatic. Italy was preparing to invade Abyssinia. And that night in my chalet a Yugoslav diplomat, who had begun his career (as an Austrian) when Slatin Pasha was in Egypt, said to me:

"I can understand the England of John Galsworthy—but I cannot understand the England of Aldous Huxley!"

"You mean England is decadent?" I said.

"Precisely. That's why I say: *Don't trust England!* England is no longer strong enough to help us as an ally. Therefore don't trust England's promises."

He leaned back before the others to enjoy his triumph; but I said, "Hmph"—and put plenty of meaning in it. For this type of man had been the bane of my life ever since I had become a foreign newspaper correspondent; he was the official

For kings and emperors usually have a greater simplicity and understanding for their people than the statesmen who crowd in between them.

I CITE this cynical diplomat because he represents an attitude which will be crunched by this war, I hope—and he represents the general run of the higher-ups not only in international politics but in international journalism. To them, the progress of *homo sapiens* is just one grand political game—spiced by intrigue. They love to play it. How many of the British newspaper correspondents in the United States (from whom comes some of the worst reportage in the world) do you suppose ever go west of Washington—or Wall Street? Damn few, except when they are accompanying some presidential

candidate on his election tour. But if they had, if they had sat in the saloons of Gary, Ind., talking with the workers in United States steel—or with the coal miners in West Virginia—or with the people in the Dust Bowl. Well, you wouldn't have seen some of them cabling to England the day afterwards, talking about the "unpredictable factor" in American elections.

The Senators they were getting their ideas from in Washington, the big business men in New York, didn't know any more of what was in the heart of the American voter than they did. And as for Wall Street, it talks one way—and bets the opposite.

The attitude I am speaking about is *our* attitude towards *them;* not theirs towards us. Just think a moment. Isn't it a fact that we pick up our morning newspaper and more or less swallow it whole? If people think they're Left, they buy *that* paper; if Liberal, well, there are two good journals (as it happens) to satisfy those cravings; and if your predilections happen to be Right, or indisposed to abrupt change—well, why not stick to the good old *Times?* And why not: one of the steadiest, fairest, most level-headed newspapers in the world.

Nevertheless—*because of our own attitude*—politicians, leader writers, radio commentators, labour leaders (for they certainly should be included) simply murder our minds. They murder them because (with the exception of a few "radicals") they all accept tacitly that certain things *must be*. Therefore we accept them. Therefore no change. Implacably urgent changes.

The first of them seems to be that we should have an armistice with the obsession that big business men, whether they have been conspicuous in manufacture, trade or finance, should automatically be accepted as the leading figures of our age. The war has already gone on long enough to make us want to tar and feather most of the statesmen we listened to credulously from when the guns ceased in 1918 until they began to bark again in 1939. It will be a brave politician indeed who will get up before what's left of the British public after this war and try to talk the blah they talked. So let's, for a moment, forget them.

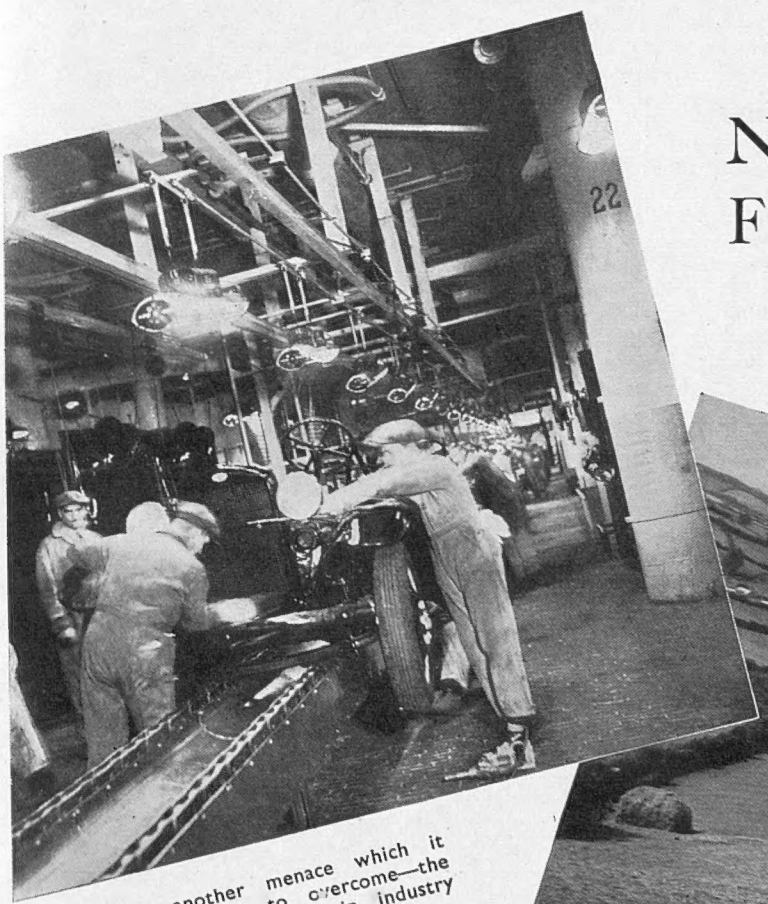
We Live For

Will this War build up the Character of the toughened British people so that they can Decide on, Fight for, Sacrifice for, something that is really worth while—when the Peace comes?

By Negley Farson

But the planning of human life must be put on a scientific basis. And to do that requires a novel change in attitude from the people themselves. People, the great mass of the people, must be willing to accept the novel idea that the first precept of Western civilisation is not that man was born into this world to make money. That's nonsense. The mysterious East does not think that. Leading off with the United States, it's strictly a Western idea. The East, led by the Japs, may be catching up to it; they all seem to run the gamut. But just as we passed from the monks, miracles, and massacres which dominated the Middle Ages into the scholasticism which clogs most of our thoughts about man's social life to the present day, so the end of this war will bring us face to face with the question: When, and how, will we be able to put big business in its proper place?

It can be done. When Roosevelt was first elected in 1932 all the wise ones in the United States, including many of his staunchest supporters, were completely (*Continued on page* 64)



Here is another menace which it seems impossible to overcome—the menace of the machine in industry

Should farming be a mode of life? Or should it be regarded as merely a means of making a somewhat meagre living?

Fixed Post

She was a Spy and Challenged the Ruthless and Intelligent personnel of our Secret Service

By Arthur Mills

THE girl studied the staff officer's face with the interest that a patient studies the face of his surgeon before an operation. So much depended on him. Would the arrangements he had made be as thorough as her late chief's had been? Like all agents she was highly sensitive to the personality of the man for whom she worked, and like all agents, she liked to feel sure that she would not be sacrificed through negligence.

She was to go to England. She had worked in England before; but not in wartime; they had got her out three days before the outbreak. She knew the English cities, the countryside, the habits of the people; she had no trace of accent. But she could feel that the staff officer was not at ease. Why?

"Of course, you are well prepared," he said, looking over the papers on his desk.

"Yes, I am well prepared," the girl agreed. "Tell me why are you hesitating?"

The staff officer got up, went to the door, looked out into the corridor and came back. "You look so German," he said, "with your flaxen hair and blue eyes."

"I can change my hair," the girl said.

"You will have to." The staff officer offered a cigarette, lighting one himself.

The girl watched his face: "That is not the reason you are hesitating. Tell me the truth. I have a good chance. Even if I'm caught they will not execute me. What is the danger you fear?"

"Captivity; you are young; your sentence would be long."

"So that was why you looked out into the corridor; you don't think our army will ever get to England?"

"I did not say so," the staff officer said.

The girl smoked rapidly. She knew the staff officer was attracted to her and thought him sloppy. Physically he was not her type. After a moment she said: "What you want me to do in England is important?"

"Very important."

"Then that in itself is a reason I must go."

The staff officer got up. "Very well; I will have your orders ready for you to-night."

The meeting took place in an office in Berlin. Forty-eight hours later the girl stood at a cross roads two miles from the East Coast; she wore blue trousers, a jersey and light shoes which she had just put on. She stood looking at the sea stretching greyly towards the coast lines of Germany and the countries in Nazi power. She thought of something she had read about the British—"The history of their secret service is long and dark, backed by a ruthless and intelligent personnel." She had come to challenge that personnel.

FIRST the rubber boat was found on the shingle; then a battle dress, gas mask, steel helmet, and a pair of army boots in some bushes. Under examination a sentry admitted he had allowed a British officer to pass through the line near the place where the rubber boat was found. When challenged the officer had answered "Visiting rounds." The sentry thought that the officer wore two stars on the shoulders of his battle dress; this statement was confirmed when the jacket was found in the bush; the sentry was also able to say that the officer was slightly built and about the same height as himself, five feet six inches.

A check up showed that no officer had come along the beach at that hour. Even if one had done so, he could have had no friendly reason for hiding his uniform, steel helmet and gas mask behind a gorse bush; also there was the rubber boat.

A further discovery was made and the sentry re-called for questioning; he said that the voice that had answered "Visiting rounds" was deep throated and in his opinion belonged to a man. A gramophone record of a woman singing in a deep voice was played; the sentry again said the voice was a man's.

Those investigating the case smiled at this, for a long brown hair had been found caught in the lining of the steel helmet. Examination showed two things about the hair; it was dyed and had come out by the root. As it seemed unlikely that one hair only would get torn from the head and become entangled in the lining of a steel helmet, the authorities suspected a trick. However, footprints were reported on a stretch of sand behind the point where the sentry had been posted. These footprints were made by army boots, but their spacing showed the wearer had been running and also indicated that the boots had been worn by a woman. It was now clear why the battle dress and equipment had not been buried. Dawn was near and the agent was in a hurry. A steel helmet jerked from the head might well account for the hair.

The purchase of a bicycle by a girl wearing trousers and a pullover was reported later in the morning; then the point at which the girl left the bicycle and got on to the bus; a ticket collector remembered her getting on a train for London; he said that she had brown hair; in fact news poured in, but always an hour too late.

"PERHAPS this will convince you that the Germans do believe in women agents," the chief said to his assistant, when the details of the landing were brought to his notice.

"I don't think I said they didn't, sir," the other answered.

"You said women did not make reliable agents and that the Germans knew it. Well, in one way you are right; do you know what that way is?"

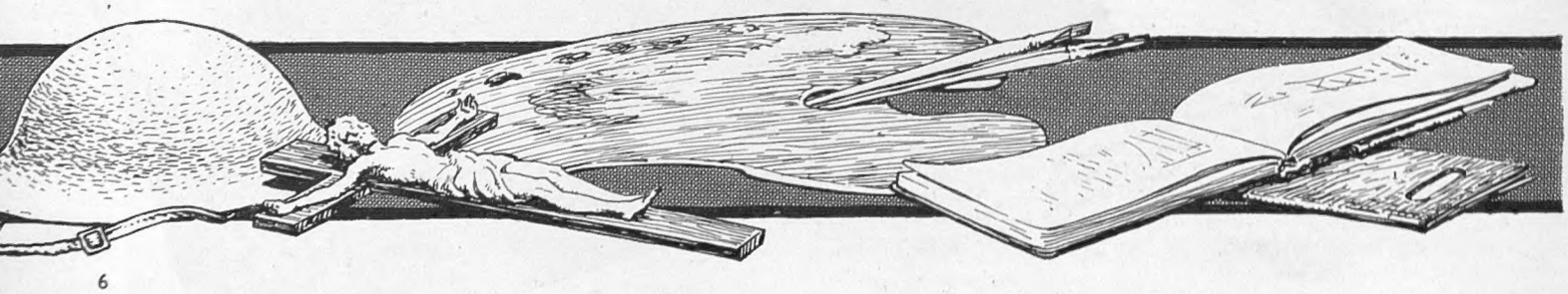
"Yes, sir."

The chief held up his hand. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to hand out the old gag that once a woman falls in love she can't be trusted. Was Mata Hari's work interfered with in that way, or Louise de Bettignies, or Anna Marie Lesser, or Madame Victorica? Can you in fact tell me the name of a single woman spy of any importance whose activities were spoilt because she fell in love?"

"No, sir."

The chief leaned forward; thin, grey haired, his face lined and rather tired. "Women take up espionage for the same motive that they volunteer for other war work; they want to do something. Nurses, W.R.N.S., A.T.S. girls are not all in the services because they are in love with some man; they are in it because they are soldiers. The only difference between espionage, as a war career for women, and the uniformed jobs lies in the risk. Take those four women I named—three died as a result of their work—one against a wall and two in prison. That is a pretty high casualty rate. The problem of employing women as agents is their unaccountability; no man knows what any given woman will do if she is

ILLUSTRATED BY H. SMITHSON-BROADHEAD



suddenly upset." The chief picked up the brown hair that had been found in the lining of the steel helmet. "Take that to the laboratory and ask them if they can tell what colour it was originally," he said.

IN the train taking her to London the girl took out a hand-mirror. With brown hair her light blue eyes were no longer noticeably Teutonic. She went over the details of her landing, wondering if she had done anything to betray her sex. There was the time when she had run across the wet sand. Would they notice the splaying of the foot-marks, caused by the difference between the way a woman runs and a man? She regretted that she had only thought of that now. Had she remembered at the time she could have run like a man, or walked, taking long steps; usually she thought of all details.

By now inquiries had probably been made in the district where she had landed; the purchase of a bicycle by a girl dressed as she was dressed would be known; her bus journey to the station might be discovered before the train in which she was travelling could reach London. She decided not to risk getting out at a London terminus and left the train at a suburban station.

The next move was to buy clothes; these she got at a woman's store, asking for a room to change in. She then continued her journey into London by bus, getting off on the Embankment. She walked along by the river till she came to Battersea Bridge, then she turned up a side street and made her way more slowly, looking at the numbers of the houses. Finally, she rang the bell of a small red brick house on the corner of a street. A man wearing a pullover, splotched with paint, came to the door, looked at her, and immediately asked her to come in. When he closed the door he fastened a bolt.

The man said nothing till they were in his studio; then he put his hands on her shoulders. "Why the hair?" he asked, in English, holding her away; both were laughing.

"They told me I looked too German."

"I liked you better as you used to be," the man said; he was in the early thirties and rather dirty looking; his pullover was frayed; his flannel trousers were spotted and uncreased; his shoes not cleaned. A kettle stood on a gas ring in a corner of the room; there was a box of cigarettes with cardboard mouthpieces on a table. He gave her a cigarette, lighting one himself.

She walked over to the fireplace, filled with dead ashes and cigarette ends. "How are things?"

He drew at his cigarette. "I've heard nothing from anybody till I got word yesterday to be ready for you. Did they speak about me?"

The girl shook her head. "They only told me to come to you."

The man looked round his dirty studio. "I'm fed up with this; they send me over and forget me; it is all very well for you; you come and go."

"There have to be people like you," the girl said.

"TRY what?" the girl asked. She was studying the man the whole time, knowing that they had to go into this thing together. She could see that he was strung up, but did not yet realise that he was afraid

"Fixed posts!" The man flung his cigarette on the floor. "I've been here for three years now. It wasn't so bad before the war when I could come to Munich. But now I do nothing."

"You paint."

"Paint!" His lips were sneering. "They used to say that I got the real colour of the sand."

"You painted enough beaches," the girl said.

"Well I can't paint beaches now." The man began to walk about the room. He stopped and wheeled round: "Why leave me here? What good am I? Since the war started I have done all my painting in this studio. Once a month one of my pictures is bought; it is the only way they can pay me. Twenty pounds—sometimes twenty-five. And for that I do not even risk my life." He saw her eyebrows raised. "What danger do I run? I am a Russian artist. I worked at my profession openly in England before the war. Even my identity papers are genuine. It is easy to arrange things when two countries are willing to co-operate."

"You are registered as a Russian?" the girl said.

"Of course."

"Are you watched?"

"Maybe, but they can't arrest a Russian artist who has genuine papers to prove his nationality and has committed no offence."

"They may be waiting for you to commit an offence—something like this."

"Like what?"

"My coming here."

"Thanks." The man walked to the window. "London is the easiest city in the world to watch any one in, if you know where they live. I don't know who sits behind those lace curtains in the house on the other side of the road. What papers have you got?"

She showed him the identity card and ration book she had been given in Berlin.

He examined them: "They're all right—anyway to show. Of course nothing is all right if the police get suspicious of you. That's why it is a pity you came here; who gave you your orders?"

She told him the name of the staff officer she had seen in Berlin.

"I don't know him." The artist took another cigarette from the box on the table. "How did he give you my address? Did he write it down?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I was beginning to expect anything. It is a stupid thing to send an agent to the house where another agent is living."

"What do they want me to do now I'm here?" she asked.

"They want an eyewitness report on what factories have been hit in the Midlands; that you can get by strolling round the towns."

"They told me about that," the girl said.

"The other job—the special one I have for you isn't very easy; it concerns an invention released by the American War Department to the British Army."

"What sort of invention?"

"Don't ask me. I've simply been told that the invention is believed to be in experimental use at a military station, near London."

"Why experimental?"

"Because America is not at war and no military invention can be anything but experimental until it has been tested in fighting. Tanks, gas, tracer bullets, they all had to be tried out under active service conditions."

"Where is the military station? Do I go there?" The girl spoke in the crisp way of the professional getting to work.

"That is what we have got to talk over," the man smoked rapidly and kept moving his feet. "There is a country town near this military station and instructions were that you should go down and get acquainted with the officers; I was told to find out the names of hotels and restaurants they use. It is a silly plan, for you would attract attention at once if you were seen with any one in uniform that matters. Suppose you have a story that you have come to the country after being bombed out of your London flat. That can be disproved in a few hours."

"Who by?"

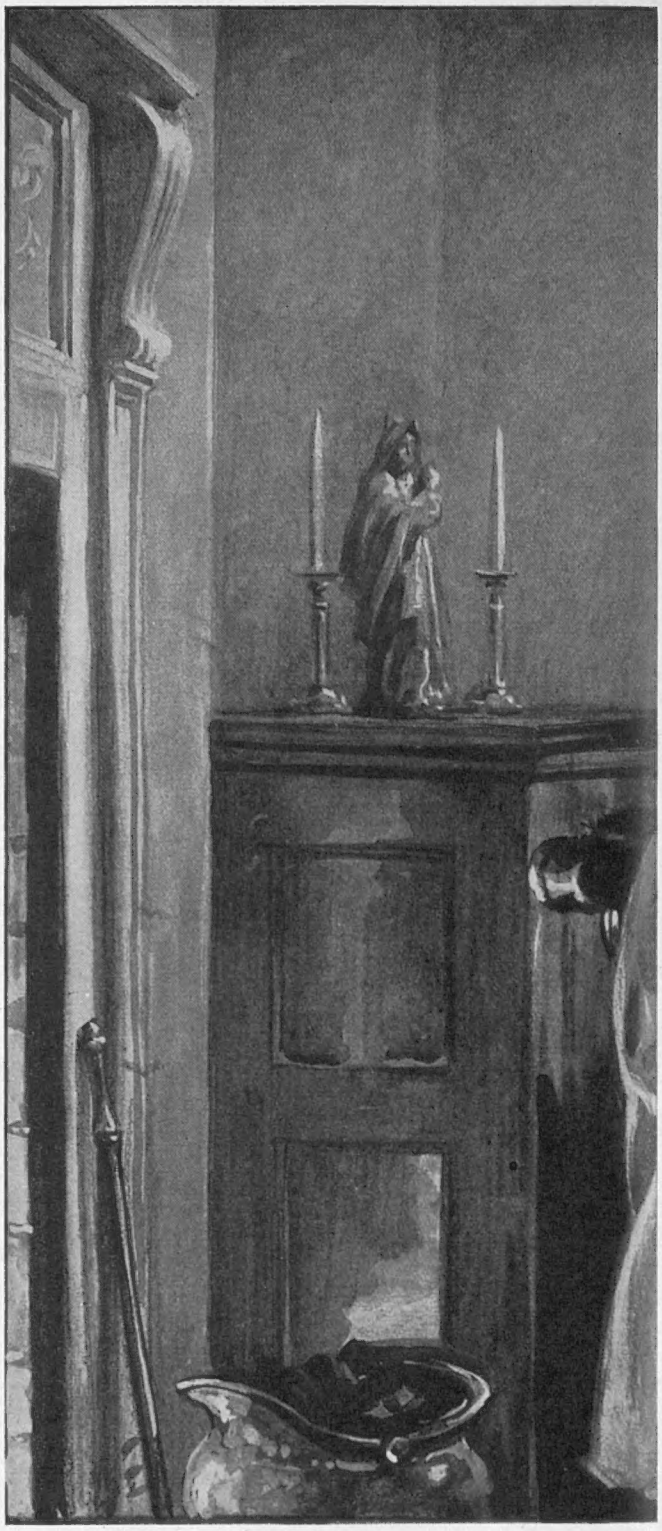
"The police; you've no background if they start to question you."

The girl said: "I hope I shan't do anything that will get me questioned by the police."

"So do I." He kept moving from one part of the studio to another. "I don't think you had better try to find out about the invention; stick to reporting the damage to towns."

"Maybe there is a safe way," the girl said.

"I would like to hear it," the man looked at her uneasily. He did not know why he had been called out to operate with this girl; the reason might be because they had been in the same training school at Munich, or it might be they thought it was time he did something. He wished they had picked someone else; that job of going down and getting to know officers was thin; if she was caught he was certain to be compromised, in which case he would be tried and shot. As he saw it, his life depended on the girl's ability. It did not seem fair.



It was at this moment that the thought of backing out entered his head. Supposing he quit? He had seen enough of conditions in England to doubt if the Germans would win; they had missed their chance after Dunkirk. He believed the war would go on for years; in the meantime he would be left where he was and it was inevitable that eventually he would be caught. That meant finis.

Now it wasn't dead easy for a spy to go to the British authorities and give himself up; he might still get a firing squad. But if he had something concrete to offer, it would be sufficient. For instance if he warned them that an agent had been sent over to obtain the latest war invention from America? The man paced the room in his soiled flannels and pullover thinking over this new angle; once he had been reliable, but a year and a half of inactivity and apprehension had weakened his courage.

Lighting yet another cigarette he said casually: "I don't see why you should not try it."

"Try what?" the girl asked; she was studying the man the whole time, knowing that they had to go into this thing together. She could see that he was strung up, but did not yet realise that he was afraid.

"Going down to this country town and using what you've got on the officers."

"You said if I was seen about with officers I should draw attention to myself."

"You would have to work quickly, but you can," he looked her over.

She came across to him; he was looking out of the window again through the lace curtains; she stood so that her shoulder touched his arm. "Do you

" Your people are clever in organising their fifth column; they overlook nobody who could be of use to them "

think I am all right? Will the officers like me?"

"Yes," he said, without turning.

She remembered an evening at Munich, when he had become suddenly attracted to her; she had felt it when they danced; nothing had come of this; that had been her doing. Now she said: "A girl has got to be rather nice to make a man do what she wants."

"You are nice enough."

"Do you think so?" She looked round the studio. The wireless cabinet stood in a corner. Going to the cabinet, she turned the disc till she got a German station which she knew played dance music at this time.

"Remember?" she said, standing in front of him. "Come on—just this one."

He put his arm round her and they danced to the lovely German waltz; she clung close to him, but he danced mechanically, without response.

"Got a sweetie over here?" she asked.

"I haven't felt like sweeties lately."

At the end of the room they stopped; she looked at his face; she could see that sexual emotion was the last thing of which he felt capable. She walked over to the table and took one of his cigarettes—the second she had smoked; he had never stopped smoking since she arrived.

As she figured things out, she was in a spot. Nothing is more useless than a spy who has lost his nerve. She did not know that he had planned to turn her in, but she did realise he might do something at any moment that would expose them both.

"How are you getting out when you have finished?" he asked.

She decided not to tell him. From now on she was going to work alone.

"They are picking me up," she said. She named a point on the coast. "I'm to let you know when I'm ready."

The information increased his uneasiness; he did not think the method of getting her out would work. Then he realised that it provided him with a chance to prove his good faith to the British authorities. He would know the time and place; he could denounce her; she might be caught taking back the plans of the American war invention; the British would be pleased about that. They would have to show their gratitude.

"Well, I'd better make a start," the girl said. "You won't hear from me till I am ready to leave."

He nodded. That suited him.

(*Continued on page* 54)

War's Spotlight On

IT may sound strange to aver in such an age of publicity that women have found it harder to shine or be conspicuous in this war than did their predecessors in the last; but so it seems to be. And for two reasons. One sweeping; the second of more restricted bearing.

The gentry of the Axis will not brook the feminine sex stepping to the forefront of the picture. This is a doctrinal rule which, far from being relaxed in wartime, even becomes reinforced. To tend to the domesticities and to be a relaxation for the tired warrior—though we hope not too tired—such is the double fiat which Berlin and Rome long since issued. Of course, Axis women work in armament factories, hospitals, charitable organisations. Yet, all in all, there is a glaring absence in the enemy countries of women allowed to gain national prominence through their war activities. Or, for that matter, of women bursting their way through to notoriety. The sex is just kept to its proper place by the Great Males.

About the only Nordic lady who manages to be an exception is Emmy Goering. This fine flaxen specimen is sent on tour in the Quisling States to show off wonderful gowns and diamonds from stage-boxes. It is as if Hermann, finding no further inch of his own vast bulk to garnish, turns to the broad spaces of his Frau. From Cartier and Paquin arrive constant gifts for Emmy, purchased on the paper *Schein* promising one mark for twenty francs. But Emmy must be careful. In the Vienna Burg Theater there were shouts recently of "Where did you get that tiara?"

What, one may well ask, has become of Countess Edda Ciano? Musso's first-born was supposed to be the only person able to calm down Cæsar. She was said to have his brains, while she aped his jaw. Was it not Edda who laid first foundations of the Axis itself? Her visits to Emmy became almost diplomatic occasions. Goering's latest daughter was christened Edda. But where is Edda the elder to-day? Answer: early on she was sent on a propagandist mission to South America, but since her return she has had to take a back seat owing to the growing unpopularity of the German hold upon Italy, for which she is held partly responsible.

The second reason why the spotlight is not so kind to women as it used to be a generation ago concerns the decline of the purple. When the last war was eighteen months old, several empresses or queens had already come to stand out. There was Elizabeth of Belgium supporting her husband in a last sand-swept corner of the realm. At the other end of Europe Queen Sophie of Greece, sister of the Kaiser, was accused of using her position to queer the Allies' pitch. Hard by, in Bucharest, English Queen Marie was preparing to withstand all-conquering German pressure, though her husband was a Hohenzollern. Outside Petrograd, while the Tsar spent his time increasingly with the armies, a half-crazed Tsarina hung upon Rasputin's every word.

In the conflict of 1939-41 we find no counterpart to these figures. The closest by comparison might be Queen Wilhelmina and Queen Helena of Rumania. A superficial remark is to say that the first is not doing a great deal by sitting down in Britain. But that is precisely what she is doing: a great deal. How urgently Hitler wanted the Dutch Sovereign under his thumb emerged with the astonishing escape tale of Foreign Minister Van Kleffens. Think, too, of how the Nazis chased Haakon—up to the Arctic Circle. New Order exponents find it vital to rope in the established regime, and Queen Wilhelmina stands out for having avoided that rodeo-throwing act.

The part played by Carol's ex-wife is not to be underestimated, particularly in view of what has happened to Rumania since. This charming Germano-Russo-Greek woman of forty had retired to the Villa Sparta, outside Florence, where I was to have called on her just before the war. London friends said she was so interested in international affairs. When it was deemed opportune to get rid of Carol and his Lupescu, Hitler thought it would be a remunerative touch to call Helena to the side of her son Michael, the new King. This would give a tone of respectability, and help to put in relief the "immorality" of the outgoing couple. And, lo! Helena left Florence

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain. Played a larger part behind the scenes than ever we suspected

Queen Wilhelmina. Is doing a great deal for her country in England

Ellen Wilkinson. As organiser, speaker, writer and politician fills a rôle no other woman in a warring land gives signs of emulating

Mme. Bonnet. Posed as a friend of the Entente while plotting that France should collaborate with Germany after the smallest resistance

Countess Edda Ciano. Mussolini's first-born, wife of Italy's Foreign Minister, and supposed to be the only person to be able to calm down Cæsar

These Women

Foremost Behind the Scenes or on the Stage they stand, the Women who have Influenced—for Good or Bad—Events now shaping our Destiny

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Queen Elizabeth. In the nation's greatest emergency, the former Scottish lassie has made good

for several weeks and obediently went through the Hitlerian hoop at Bucharest; after which she returned to Fiesole. Whether it will be necessary to summon her again remains to be seen.

As for the Lupescu, if she gets through alive she will be lucky. Yet, from what I have heard in more than one responsible quarter, her influence was better than generally supposed.

There will not be many to dispute Queen Elizabeth's right to a place in this gallery—mixed, but representative. The position is well hit off by the heading of an article in an American magazine: "A Queen in the Front Line." Her Majesty has been bombed in London and bombed at Windsor, and if she turns her head as she enters Park Lane, she beholds the inside of her former house in Piccadilly, bombed to pieces.

This Queen of much charm sometimes now shows moisture glistening through her celebrated smile: it is surprising that no photographer has ever caught his subject in downright tears, to such sad places has the Queen journeyed, and so speedily. Nor do daytime alerts hold her up. Instead of the royally roomy limousine, behold this war Queen *à la mode* in an armoured car! The nation needed someone like her for this, its greatest emergency, and the former Scottish lassie has made good. Up till now, queens in wartime confined themselves mostly to visiting hospitals and honouring charity occasions. This young Queen is to be found trampling over ruins, reviewing troops, speaking on the radio, going everywhere she can with the King.

NOW turn to the First Lady of another land. The part being played in this war by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt requires a keener appreciation on this side of the ocean. We have been told with some facility that the President's wife has rather vulgarly pushed her own writing wares by holding Press conferences and by constant radio talks. This is entirely to underrate affairs. Mrs. Roosevelt has an immense appeal with the women of the United States, and as these number some forty millions, and are nearly all members of clubs, the views circulated by the President's wife get right home. As if her daily column reaching an estimate of twenty million readers, as if her national hook-ups day after day were not sufficient, this astonishingly active woman is for ever flying back and forth over the huge American continent on lecture jobs. And while all this is going on, she has to sustain her position at Washington as the chatelaine of the White House. She has to be on hand when the President wants her counsel and companionship, which he frequently does.

Put it this way: supposing on all these occasions Mrs. Roosevelt developed views and opinions in favour of the Axis. . .

Well, she doesn't. If she did, we'd know it soon enough.

This remarkable woman, who abhors so much of what has been practised in the Nazi and Fascist names, emerges now and then as little less than a Reserve President, though many Americans would jib at the term. But, to illustrate her closeness to Mr. Roosevelt, take how "Eleanor" gave out views on a vital issue while her husband was still away cruising. "I am in favour," she said, "of making outright gifts of cash to Britain. They are less likely to involve America in war then loans. Where would such gifts eventually come from? Why, from the pockets of you and me. Do not let us imagine we have been giving aid to England—we are being paid."

Forthwith Mrs. Roosevelt's words were cabled from Washington to the ends of the earth.

No other war-leader's wife occupies so commanding a position. Rachele Mussolini is never heard from: neither is the latest (Continued on page 56)

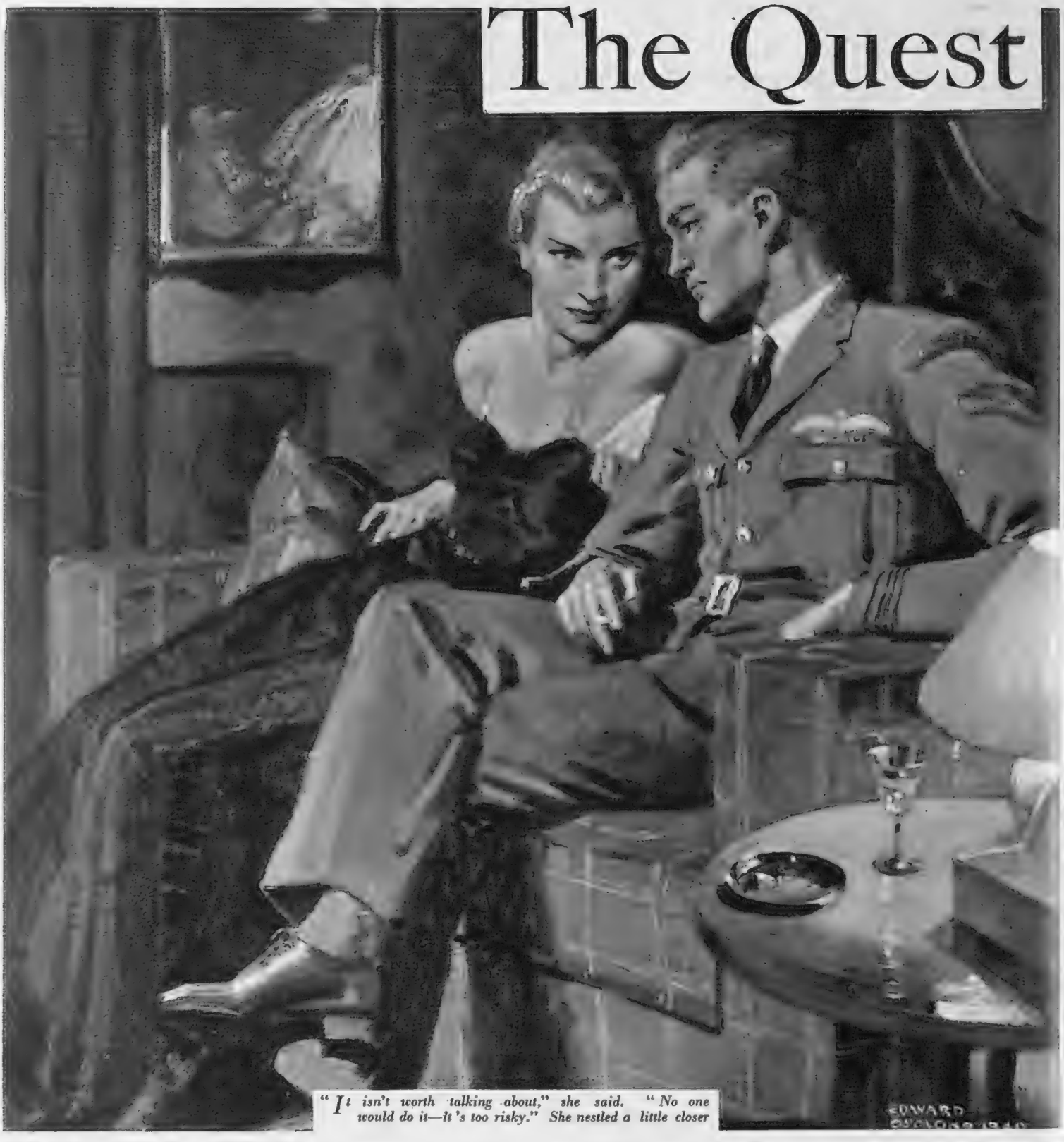
Queen Helena of Rumania. The part played by her is not to be underestimated, particularly in view of what has now happened to Rumania

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Has an immense appeal with the women of the United States, and abhors so much of what has been practised in the Nazi and Fascist names

Dorothy Thompson. Her name will figure near the top in any record of women and their part in this war. Was flung out of Germany by the Nazis

Emmy Goering. There is a glaring absence in the enemy countries of women allowed to gain national prominence, but she manages to be an exception

The Quest



"It isn't worth talking about," she said. "No one would do it—it's too risky." She nestled a little closer

THE streets of war-scarred London were deserted, but the nightly hilarity of the Golden Fleece Club was in active session when Flight Lieutenant Cedric Delane pushed open the swing-doors that gave access to the subterranean dance-hall. For a moment or two he stood blinking in the blaze of light, regarding first the immaculate band conductor and his frenzied players who, with horn, drum and saxophone, were striving to drown the dull thunder of the barrage and the wail of falling bombs, then at the crowded dancers, a kaleidoscopic whirlpool of gowns, dinner suits and uniforms, that eddied to the tempo of the music. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he moved slowly towards the cocktail-bar.

Nobody appeared to notice him. There was no reason why anyone should, for junior Air Force officers were common in the Golden Fleece, and no one, not even a friend, could with truth have described Cedric Delane as a commanding figure. In any case, he was too young for that. His physique was slight, almost frail. His face was not a strong face—at least, not when judged by physical standards. At the moment, except for a suspicion of weariness, it was expressionless. His features were fine almost to effeminacy, a character which fair hair and a pale complexion did nothing to alleviate. Only his eyes were noteworthy; they were grey, and curiously bright, like burnished steel; reflected light seemed to glint on them. At the corners, the strain of war flying had already graven little lines, ageing them prematurely. A careless attitude suggested complete indifference to his surroundings, but his hands, as small and delicate as those of a girl, fidgeted continually — sometimes with his tie, or with his cigarette—and betrayed nerves too highly strung. Those who did not know the type might have wondered how he came to be wearing three medal ribbons, headed by the purple and white D.F.C., under the wings on his breast.

With languid effort he hoisted himself on a high stool and ordered whisky.

"Bit hot outside to-night, sir, ain't it?" remarked the bar-tender with easy familiarity.

Cedric's lips moved—reluctantly, it seemed. "Warmish," he murmured—"warmish."

The bar-tender, wiping the bar, grimaced confidentially. "We had a close 'un about half an hour ago."

"Really? What fun."

of the Golden Fleece

Some Men take risks for Love, some for Revenge

By

W. E. Johns

"Put the wind up you when they come as close as that, don't they?"

"Quite—absolutely." Cedric sipped his drink, turning so that he could watch the dancers—or it may have been to end the conversation.

The music stopped abruptly. Applauding, the dancers were converging on the bar when the room seemed to shudder. The lights, as if in sympathy, dimmed. Glass tinkled. Plaster snow-flaked from the ceiling. Somewhere a woman screamed. Instantly the music crashed on again, drowning all other sounds. Cheering, most of the dancers seized their partners and resumed their gyrations with renewed energy. A few came on to the bar.

"Not dancing?" The words were spoken quietly, with a barely perceptible trace of accent.

Cedric turned to the speaker, a girl who had climbed on the next stool.

She was a blue-eyed brunette, graceful, beautiful, alluring. Her gown, unrelieved black, cleverly simple, effectively outlined the curves that were moulded on classical lines. Beneath lightly pencilled eyebrows mascara-laden lashes shaded eyes that were softly provocative and extended an invitation not easily refused.

For a moment he regarded her pensively, appreciatively, his expression softening.

"Rather," he answered lightly.

"Where's your partner?"

"I haven't one—fortunately. Just drifted in casual-like."

She smiled. "You knew you would have no trouble in finding one here, perhaps?"

"That—er—was the general idea," he admitted. "But I didn't know I was steering a course for the girl I've been reading about all my life," he added softly. "Someone must have set my compass for heaven. Drink?"

"Thanks. Sherry, please."

Thereafter the conversation developed on traditional lines. After a dance, and another drink, still following orthodox procedure, it took on a more intimate character. Cedric told her his name. She told him that hers was Marie—Marie Valais; that she was French; that she had happened to be in London when war broke out, but, foolishly as it transpired, had delayed her return home until the Boche invasion made it impossible.

Cedric commiserated.

After another dance, over another drink, in a voice aching with sadness and slightly tremulous with emotion—understandable in the circumstances—she became confidential.

"It is terrible," she said earnestly. "My home so near, and yet so far away."

"You'll be all right here," he hastened to assure her.

She shook her head. "It is not of myself that I think, but of my father. My mother is dead; he has only me, and I fear he will die of anxiety wondering what has happened."

"In what part of France do you live, *chère*?"

"Just over the water, in Normandy. You must often see my home when you fly out to fight the Boche."

Cedric did not fly over Normandy to fight the Boche for the simple reason he was in a Home Defence unit; but the implication was not unpleasant, so he allowed it to pass.

"If only I could get a message to him I would be happy here," she resumed.

"You are so brave and so intelligent."

"Too bad that you can't," he rejoined sadly.

She took his hand impulsively. "Oh, but you are so sweet."

He laughed, a nervous, embarrassed little laugh. He was thinking of the men he had killed—three that very afternoon—in relation to the term "sweet." It struck him as incongruous—but he did not mention it.

"How about a drink?" he suggested.

"Yes, another drink," she declared, straightening herself. "We will forget my silly little troubles." She smiled mistily through unshed tears. "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre! That is what you call the spirit, eh?"

"That, as you say, is the spirit—absolutely," agreed Cedric.

She fanned herself with a tiny fan which she took from her handbag. "It is so stuffy in here, don't you think?"

"Stuffyish. Why do you come here?"

"Because it is nearly safe from the bombs, and because it is so lonely in my room."

"Where is your room?"

"Upstairs."

"I see," said Cedric slowly.

"Would you care to come up—just for a breath of air? But perhaps no—you might think——"

Cedric laughed again, softly. "I wouldn't think anything like that," he bantered gently. "But what about a drink?"

"I have some sherry in my room."

"Fine. Let's go."

IT was a nice room—a bed-sitting-room. She made him comfortable in a lounge chair, fetched drinks from a small sideboard, and joined him in the chair.

"Ah, if we were only in my Normandy,"

SHE was a blue-eyed brunette, graceful, beautiful, alluring. Her gown effectively outlined curves that were moulded on pure classical lines

WITHIN five seconds the grounds around the chateau were alive with stabbing flecks of orange flame. Flames even leapt from the roof of the building

she sighed. "I could be very, very happy . . . with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?"

"Well, I thought if someone happened to be flying over in an aeroplane he could drop a message—anywhere in the grounds of the chateau would do. That would not be very difficult—would it?"

"No," he agreed. "It wouldn't be difficult, but it would be against regulations, you know."

"Of course. That is why I wouldn't ask any one to do it. Do you sometimes go that way?"

"Once in a while."

"But you wouldn't do this little thing for me, would you—would you?"

Cedric wrinkled his forehead as if in an effort to concentrate. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I'd like to, if——"

"I could be very, very kind to such a friend," she whispered.

"Ah, but that's bribery," he

chided. "You could be kind—without that—couldn't you?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"By Jove! That reminds me." He looked at his wrist watch. "Damn! I shall have to be getting along," he declared. "I'm on the early show in the morning. Isn't that an absolute curse?"

"You'll see my France perhaps?" Her voice was a caress.

"You bet I shall. I'll think of you, darling."

"And my message?" she said plaintively. "Couldn't you just drop it at the chateau as you fly over?"

"There'd be an awful stink if any one knew," he protested dubiously. Then he made up his mind suddenly. "I won't promise, but you give me the letter and I'll see what I can do."

She uttered a little cry of delight, and running to a desk wrote swiftly on a sheet of paper.

"This is all I need put. It will be enough," she said presently. "Read it, then you can see that it is—how do you say?—above boards." She held out the letter. "You read French?"

"Rather." Cedric gave the paper a perfunctory glance and handed it back.

She put it in an envelope, sealed it and gave it to him.

He put it in his pocket. "I'll come back to-morrow night and let you know how I got on," he promised. "If I have any luck—you'll have to pay, you know."

"Any price you like," she whispered, kissing him.

"I'll meet you downstairs at the bar at ten o'clock sharp—how's that?"

"I shall be waiting, *adoré*," she crooned. "You make me so happy."

Cedric looked into her eyes. "I'll do my best," he promised quietly.

Towering masses of blushing cumulus were greeting the dawn when Flight Lieutenant Delane took off in his "Hurricane" and headed south, climbing steeply for height. The machine was inclined to be sluggish on controls, but this caused him no concern for he knew the reason. It was due entirely to a five hundred pound bomb which his fitter had slung under the fuselage on a rack which he had improvised for the purpose. Normally, being a fighter pilot, Cedric carried no such cumbersome armament.

With the airscrew thrusting distance behind him at the rate of five miles a minute he was not long reaching the Channel; but he did not cross the coast at once. Instead, he circled, climbing to the limit of the machine's performance, glancing sometimes at the altimeter needle, now quivering on the twenty thousand mark, but more often subjecting the sky above and behind him to a long and searching scrutiny.

THE cold light of morning grew steadily brighter. A stiff breeze came up from the west, hounding in front of it more masses of cloud, gilded at the top, merging into indigo and purple at the base. Below, the ground was still three-parts covered with long grey blankets of mist through which the earth showed as a patchwork quilt of sombre greens and browns until it ended abruptly at the colourless void that was the sea. Beyond it, to the south, a vague, sinister shadow asprawl the horizon, lay France.

After a final survey of the sky behind him, and a glance at the watch on his instrument panel, he turned towards it, making for a strip of blue which in one place split the cloud-mass. Reaching it, he went on into a new and lonely world, a world of gleaming clouds that stretched away on all sides to the infinite distance, where at last they cut a hard line across a ceiling of palest green.

For five minutes he flew on a steady course, on even keel; then, cutting his engine, he began a long glide towards his objective, the Chateau Tourette, which lay, he knew, a mere fourteen miles beyond the coast. As he glided on, his head was seldom still; his eyes, never; they probed the sky incessantly, above, below and around, mile by mile, section by section, until, losing height, he sank into the vapour that hid the ground from view.

The next few minutes he flew "blind," his eyes on his instruments, and then dropped out into the clear immediately over the French coast. No flak from the German gunners greeted him, which brought a curious smile to his lips, for now that he was under ten thousand feet he knew that the sensitive sound detectors must have picked him up. Peering ahead and below he could see the river which the chateau commanded, and a few minutes later the building itself appeared.

He took a last look at the sky behind him and settled a little lower in the cockpit. His eyes returned to the chateau, and held it. His lips came hard together until they were no more than a thin straight line as, with a single movement, he jerked the throttle wide open. Simultaneously he pushed the joystick forward and roared down in an almost vertical dive.

Within five seconds the grounds around the chateau were alive with stabbing flecks of orange flame. Flame even leapt from the roof of the building. Snatching a glance over his shoulder, his lips parted in a (*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

PROBABLY the most dramatic photograph ever taken. The attempted assassination of the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day in 1906. (Edwards, Topical Press)

Unrecorded

A FRIEND of mine, I think it must have been Mr. Bob Benchley, once complained bitterly that half of the most exciting news photographs ever taken had been ruined by the appearance of a lout in the foreground who, with hands in pockets and fag between lips, was always registering utter boredom.

Sometimes this clumsy fellow is turning his head away for a good yawn. And I have seen pictures in which he has actually turned his back on the exciting things happening, the better to grin at the photographer.

These are the pictures which you, as a reader, seldom see. It is not always possible to paint out the intruder. And thus an exciting fragment of pictorial history is either lost or rendered imperfect.

Now, in this World War II, we are suffering from a somewhat similar scourge. Instead of the grinning fellow being an intruder, a fashion encouraged by officialdom actually makes him the whole picture! This is what I mean: twenty brave and daring young men have flown into Germany, and after six hours have returned with a stirring tale of having bombed low between a balloon barrage. Their reward is to be photographed.

You, reader, know exactly what sort of a picture will result? Of course you do! The whole twenty, in line, will be shuffling along towards the camera (a most unnatural thing for them to do) with modest smiles on their faces. Even if their names were attached, which is never the case, it would be a wholly unsatisfactory way of recording the event, from any point of view except that of an 1878 photographer specialising in the Little Burpham XI or St. Rupert's Second Fifteen 1877.

Whose fault is this? First, the camera does not yet seem to be rising to the tremendous occasions offered by this World War II. Second, the authorities are being neither too helpful nor imaginative.

TAKE the case of the camera's part in this state of affairs. Has any one who has been bombed out seen a photograph which in any way conveys the terrific experience which they have undergone? If so, they are luckier than I am. As I write I am looking at a picture of the ruins of a London church. Just a pile of rubble. In the foreground is a fireman. He is holding a hose nozzle in his hand, pointed downwards, and presumably because the photographer has asked him to do so. There is no water in the hose, and from the look of the ruins there has been no fire for some time. I do know that at dawn on the morning that this particular church was hit the place was still smouldering. I was there, and it was a grim scene. Efforts were being made to lever a way into a basement in which two people were imprisoned. Pictures taken at that moment by a careful photographer might even have had some immediate practical value, apart from being of historic value to the church. But it would have had to be what has come to be known as a "candid camera."

"Candid" cameras in wartime seem to be taboo. If an official cameraman had been present on this occasion, he would presumably have first had to ask the senior fireman to line up his men and then walk them slowly across the street.

Now take for a moment the second reason which I give for the camera's failure to keep pace with the times—the official restrictions placed on its use, even in proper hands.

There are, inhabiting Fleet Street in peace time, a band of the most daring and foolhardy men you could wish to meet in a week's march. They are called press photographers (and other things, of course, by the authorities), and when they are not killing themselves in air crashes or falling overboard they take many, many exciting pictures. It might be said, and with truth, that they invented Becher's Brook, since they are the only people of all the Grand National's hundreds of thousands who ever station themselves underneath that formidable jump. They have, through imagination and daring, brought to the public scores of other odd angles on life which otherwise would be lost to them.

Where are their exciting pictures in this tremendous life-and-death conflict?

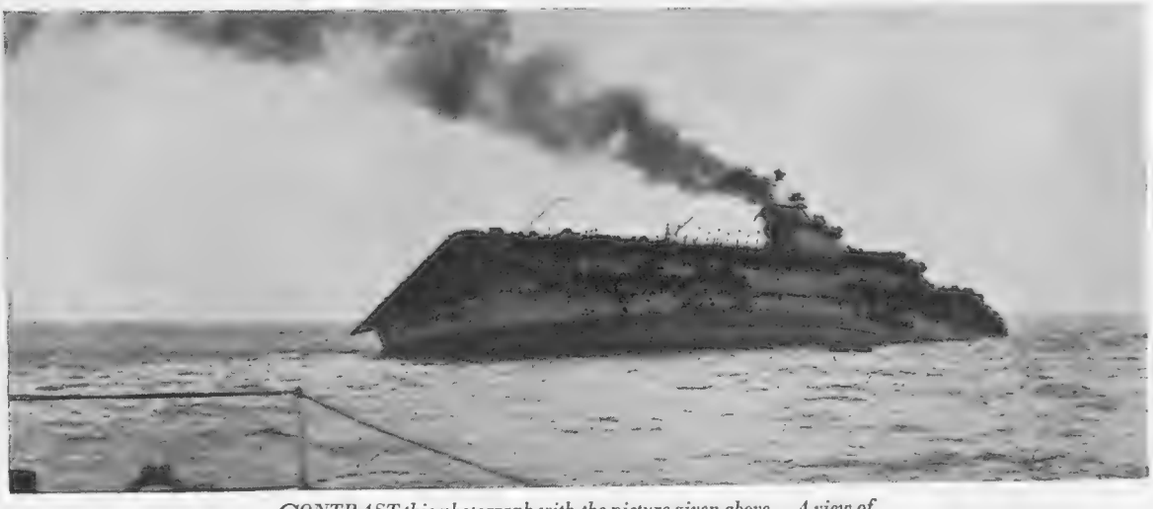
I put this question to a uniformed official the other day, and he said with a laugh, "Well, I mean to say, there hasn't been much war to photograph yet, has there? Ha! Ha!" Which asinine observation was, I suppose, meant to say that we had not had two years or so of trench warfare on the 1914–1918 pattern.

No war! For sheer concentrated drama of battle there can never have been anything like the events which occurred on the continent of Europe between May 10 and June 17, when Marshal Pétain put his aged foot on the break.

Now whatever the Governments of Britain and France may have thought (and only history will reveal that) there was no doubt in the minds of Fleet Street that sooner or later, one side or the other, in this way or that would be likely to be hurt. The newspapers were prepared to outlay a considerable sum of money to see that, in the event of their prophecy proving true the events would be adequately recorded. To this end, they sent a large corps of highly paid writers to a mysterious place called "Brassard," which turned out to be our old friend Arras. There they spent a cold winter playing (*Continued on page 70*)

DOES this help to tell the world what the A.F.S. men are doing?

A STRIKING example from the last war. The sinking of the German warship "Blucher" at the battle of the Dogger Bank



CONTRAST this photograph with the picture given above. A view of the aircraft carrier "Courageous" sinking after being torpedoed

History

Some events of the War which will now never be Documented by the Camera

By Gordon Beckles

THE "Empress of Britain." This tells nothing of the great drama that led to her sinking

WILL we come out of this war with only Hollywood fake pictures to illustrate what a fighter pilot sees and does? (Below) The serpentine lines of men on the sand dunes of Dunkirk waiting to be picked up by ships to transport them to England

Bride *of a* Lancer

Loyalty to her Father or Love for her future Husband was Mary's Conflict

By Cecilie Leslie

THE setting sun glimmered over the waves of the Pentland Firth, sending its last bright rays through the window of Mary Huntly's bedroom, touching her red hair and the sheen of her wedding-dress.

There were three men to whom Mary gave the love and loyalty of her generous heart: Gerald, Peter and her father.

Three people who each in his way had equal claims on her. In marrying Gerald, Mary knew she hurt the other two.

It was of Gerald she was thinking as she stood straight and slender while Margaret Mackenzie supervised the final fitting of her wedding-dress.

His portrait smiled at her from her dressing-table, and Captain Gerald Brown of the 2nd Kumaon Lancers was a distracting personality, even in a photograph. A tall, laughing man, with an air of assurance and devilry. The turban on his head accentuated the gauntness of his face, and the cummerbund round his waist, his lean, hard figure. Indeed, he looked as gallant a cavalry officer as ever patrolled the plains of Bengal.

"I suppose you'll have an ayah to do this for you, and fifteen other servants," commented Margaret, removing the pins from her mouth, "I wonder if you know how lucky you are leaving all this behind — air raid warnings, bombs, and bad weather."

Mary smiled at her friend.

"You bet I know it," she laughed. But behind her cheerful words were many and increasing doubts.

"Did you hear about those Heinkels yesterday?" inquired Alice, who was to be bridesmaid with Margaret at the wedding. "They machine gunned the *Highland Lass* off Pomona, and knocked out six of the crew—three aren't expected to live."

"I hope you'll think of us sometimes," continued Margaret lightly. No one could have guessed by the tone of her voice that her brother had gone down in a trawler within sight of Macdhui shortly after the last Scapa Flow raid.

"Can't you take us with you, Mary?"

Dark thoughts accused her as she listened to their careless words . . . escaping to the ease of a life in India . . . away from it all . . . so easy, so well covered by excuses,

MARY ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away quickly, feeling moisture on her palm

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

and so cheap. She hadn't the courage of these girls who watched the bombers make their almost daily visits but were determined to stick it out. They weren't sneaking away . . . like Mary Huntly.

There were other things in life, her dogged conscience reminded her, than seizing one's own happiness. Loyalty was one, loyalty to that brave old warrior, her father.

Mary's father, Kenneth Huntly, was a retired sea captain who owned nine trawlers. He was a tough old man pickled in brine, to whom bitter North Sea squalls were more exhilarating than a summer's day.

WHEN war came, the old gentleman, for he was an old gentleman, despite his thorny ways, cursed the Nazi raiders who machine gunned his fishing smacks. If any one was going to be potted at, he said, heaving his big hands at the sky, it was himself. He wasn't going to let his men take risks that he wasn't personally prepared to share.

And now, as Mary prepared for the greatest day in her life, she thought of her father who had swaggered down to the harbour that morning, and of her mother, silent and watchful, waiting for him to return.

Above the chatter in her bedroom, Mary heard her father's footsteps thudding up the stairs. Strange, she thought, he wasn't expected back till dawn next day.

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . *Father!*

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. We gave 'em something all right. They slugged us a wee bit, too. I've got a few bits in my shoulder." The old man seemed very proud of himself. "Just call your mother, she'll——"

He did not finish the sentence, and but for Mary's arm would have fallen head foremost on the floor.

They picked him up and laid him on Mary's bed that was piled high with her trousseau. His brine-crusted rubber boots lay sprawling across a pile of peach-coloured lingerie and the blood from his arm ran out over the white bedspread. He looked like a gnarled piece of driftwood flung up in a garden.

They stripped him of his coat and boots, bandaged his arm, gave him brandy and revived him. By the time the doctor arrived old Huntly was able to tell them what had happened. His ship, the *Kitty Kyle*, had been attacked. Three raiders flew over the ship, raking the decks with (*Continued on page* 68)

1

2

3

1. A pair of restored and rerigged models made by French prisoners of war. The size of these intricate models can be compared with the cigar boxes on which they are resting

2. A splendid example of a ship model which has been rerigged and restored by an expert. This fetched hundreds of pounds some years ago when put up in the auction room

3. A modern model of one of the Columbus ships. This specimen is above the average seen in the shops as regards accuracy

Ship Models

The Collection of these makes quite a Fascinating Hobby

By Frank C. Bowen

FROM a few years before the outbreak of the last war until the great Wall Street slump the supply of ship models to American collectors was a big business, especially when these collections became a fashionable craze after the end of the war.

After American collections and museums had contrived to get the majority of the best pieces from British private collections, the enthusiasm for the collection of ship models spread to Great Britain, particularly when it was discovered that King George V and the Duke of Windsor were both ardent collectors who had contrived to get together some magnificent pieces without any publicity being given to the fact.

Before that happened enterprising dealers had gone through the seaport towns, where there were formerly any number of models of varied quality, with a fine tooth comb. Many of these had been made with infinite patience by the old-time seamen to relieve the tedium of a long voyage under sail and then passed across a bar in exchange for a drink, or given as a present to some kindly landlady or passing fancy of the opposite sex. Some were good but most would only attract a beginner.

Now, although the market has not regained anything like the level of prices that were paid fifteen and twenty years ago, there are distinct signs of a revived interest in the collection of ship models for household decoration. The serious interest in ship models began with the revival of the study of naval architecture in the past, a study which was made very difficult by the fact that the old master shipwrights who designed the king's ships in the early days regarded theirs as a secret craft and as long as possible carefully refrained from making any plans or permitting them to be made. The ships were designed by rule of thumb on the success or failure of their predecessors, and the ideas were handed down from father to son so carefully that the office of master shipwright in the various British dockyards often became a hereditary one when the service could not afford to lose the skill of the old families.

Models, which were usually made by a practical man, were usually far more accurate in their detail than most contemporary paintings, especially when they were made to the order of a naval officer who had a great affection for some particular ship on account of the prize money he earned in her. Unfortunately, they decay fairly rapidly, spars and rigging getting broken, and the historical value of most of them is ruined through having been rerigged without historical knowledge. The worst offenders in this matter have been old seamen, often exceedingly deft, who work in fashions and fittings a century or two out of period because they knew them in their own days at sea. It is only a small proportion of collectors, however, who care much for historical accuracy and the fact that the gear is obviously practical and workable deceives the student of limited knowledge.

The greatest prize that can possibly fall to the collector is a really good example of the mediæval votive ships that were hung in churches as a thanks offering for a good trading voyage, fishing prosperity or an escape from a storm. Formerly, these existed all over Europe, but such as remain are now very carefully guarded by their owners and seldom appear on the market although there were, at least until the outbreak of war, any number to be seen in the churches of seaports and fishing villages from Norway to Brittany, and also in Newfoundland.

As models they are not beautiful, for they are almost invariably the handiwork of an amateur whose enthusiasm and piety outran his skill. The (*Continued on page* 60)

Old Tales Re-told

Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers, the Emperor of All Men

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

TO any student of human nature, the private lives of notorious people, famed for their complete disregard of human feelings in others, form a tempting subject worthy of curiosity and study.

Personalities of every country and epoch have passed through the pages of these stories, and although the curtain veiling their private lives has been drawn aside, so far as historical facts are concerned, it seems that new lights on their emotions are always being revealed and the historical kaleidoscope frequently changes to provide us with new pictures.

Wherever civilisation has been carried to an advanced stage, records have been left which give us a clear and detailed account of every phase of daily life—from the refinements of the ancient Egyptians to the crude and elementary civilisation of old Mexico. We are carried back to the luxury and grandeur of the Romans, to the savagery of the Huns of Attila, to the dazzling atmosphere of Versailles and to the slums of old Edinburgh. We see romantic lovers, unscrupulous Popes, much-tried saints and sinister women—all with their complex attributes of weakness and strength.

One of these characters in particular was Tamerlane, the so-called scourge of God, and we see in him a man who was the most formidable agent of destruction of his time. He has, however, been eclipsed by another whose amazing exploits may not be so well known because they were staged in an obscure part of the world, but which nevertheless completely overshadow those of Tamerlane.

This man was nothing more than the son of a nomad Mongol chieftain in the Gobi Desert, his tribe being as primitive as they were rapacious, and toughened by the severities of the climate to an amazing degree of hardness.

GENGHIS KHAN, the greatest of rulers, the Emperor of All Men, is the name by which he was known. But before being given that title, even before growing to manhood, he was merely the leader of a wild but ever-growing rabble of men who can only be described as devils mounted on savage ponies: devils when they fought and devils when they conquered—and they did conquer.

Temujin, finding himself surrounded, plunged into the icy waters of a river

Bourtai, in spite of her youth, had shown unmistakable signs of hero-worship

His avowed aim was the destruction of Mohammedan rule; and this in the eyes of practically the whole population of Asia at the end of the twelfth century would have been tantamount to the end of all things.

But this simple nomad who started life as a herder of beasts, this primitive barbarian who could neither read nor write, succeeded in overthrowing three Empires. He knew by instinct the art of war, and was not only a military genius but also a born law-maker, by virtue of which gift he was able to consolidate his conquests.

To his sons and grandsons he left the control of a region that stretched from Armenia to Korea, from Tibet to the Volga. His sole method was that of massacre, loot and destruction.

It was as if a giant, wielding a scythe, had passed over the surface of that part of the world, mowing down without discrimination and without pity every living thing in his path.

But it is not the wars which he waged against civilisation which we are going to describe. We have enough of such things around us at the

As soon as he was in the midst of the tents, he reined shouted the beloved name, " Bourtai ! Bourtai ! "

present time. Instead, we are going to take a glimpse at his private life. We shall deal with his affections rather than his hatreds, and our picture will be set in the curious frame of Mongol barbarism and Mongol tenderness.

The tribe of which he was chief lived in tents called " yurts "—there were no cities and no buildings—in which they kept their families and valuables. In a moment of alarm they would hastily pack into carts their household goods, together with the dismantled " yurts," ready to shift to a safer or healthier region.

Genghis Khan was the offspring of a resolute and daring man named Yesukai, and of Yulun, a woman of legendary beauty, who had been the heroine of a romance not unlike that of Helen of Troy. She was about to be married to a bridegroom chosen by her father, chief of the Merkitz, a northern tribe. At the moment when she was passing from the tent of her father to that of her bridegroom, Yesukai, who had previously been captivated by the girl's beauty, appeared on the scene with dramatic suddenness. More like an eagle than a human being, he had snatched the bride from the very arms of her tribesmen, flung her on the saddle of his horse, and even before getting properly astride of the animal had galloped away. Carrying his stolen prize safely over the snow-covered rocks, he came at last to his own tent—where the marriage ceremony continued, but with himself in the rôle of the bridegroom.

Tactics of this kind could only be allowed to pass unchallenged by reason of inferior strength, and they never failed to start a blood feud between the tribes concerned, a feud which would smoulder for years in the Mongol heart until a suitable moment presented itself for the embers to flare up and bring swift and drastic vengeance on the offenders.

A few months later Yesukai set off on an expedition, leaving his beautiful wife

in his almost uncontrollable steed and with all his strength
Suddenly a slender figure rushed out towards his horse

in expectation of the joys of motherhood. When he returned he brought with him much treasure and many prisoners, amongst whom was the chief of the defeated tribe—a man named Temujin. He found that during his absence his wife had presented him with a fine son. Their happy reunion, together with the joys of victory, was reason enough for a great celebration, and in order to commemorate the double event he gave to his first-born the name of Temujin.

Perhaps the noble and dignified bearing of the vanquished foe, chained though he was, inspired him with admiration and the hope that his son might be moulded in the same pattern.

AFTER a few years the boy was allowed to ride with his father, and it was evident that he had inherited not only the daring spirit of Yesukai, but also his susceptibility to the fair sex. When only thirteen years old he accompanied his father on a visit to a friendly neighbouring chieftain, and there at this early age he was attracted by the beauty and grace of a girl nine years old. With the acumen of a connoisseur the boy perceived all the flowery promise latent in the bud. Another boy might have let the opportunity slip by. Not so Temujin, whose principal characteristic was to take advantage of the moment. He informed Yesukai that he would like to have her for his wife. His father, not displeased, pointed out that she was too young; but the boy would not be put off, and expressed his willingness to wait until she was older. The girl's father was then informed of Temujin's wish. He had already been favourably impressed by the boy's appearance and behaviour, and had not failed to notice that his daughter, Bourtai, in spite of her youth, had shown unmistakable signs of hero-worship, and blushed deeply whenever the boy spoke to

her. It was decided to the satisfaction of all concerned that Temujin should remain with his host for a while in order to become better acquainted with his future bride.

Yesukai departed, but a few days afterwards news came that he had been poisoned by a rival, and that he wished to see his son before he died. Temujin hastened to him with all speed. After a long ride he dismounted from his exhausted horse, only to discover that his father was already dead.

With the chief's death the tribe fell upon evil days. Disheartened, the members of the tribe felt themselves unable to put their trust in the leadership of a thirteen-year-old boy, and gradually the little cluster of tents began to disappear as their owners moved off to find a better and more experienced leader elsewhere.

Yulun, the widow, still as beautiful as ever, took in her hand the traditional standard of nine yak tails and, followed by a faithful bodyguard, mounted a horse and passionately endeavoured to rally the renegade forces, but her heroic effort to preserve the heritage of her son was doomed to failure. Only a few men were persuaded to remain. This tragic but inspiring picture was the one which met the eyes of Temujin when he arrived on the scene. His position seemed so hopeless that for a while the boy secluded himself and wept. But he refused to abandon his little domain. He felt himself to be the head of a family, and he decided to remain and to shoulder his responsibility in full. He would defend his kingdom with all his native astuteness, despite his inexperience.

His mother begged him to go away before sundry enemies of his father could avenge themselves on the son; but he produced an answer for every argument and proved that he was ready to face every vicissitude that life might bring.

THE attack which his mother feared materialised swiftly and drastically. A horde of horsemen, led by an old foe of Yesukai, who had always coveted the overlordship of the tribes of the Gobi, fell one day upon the fragments of the clan. The leader made straight for the tent where the standard stood. His object was to seize the remaining members of the late chief's family. But Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

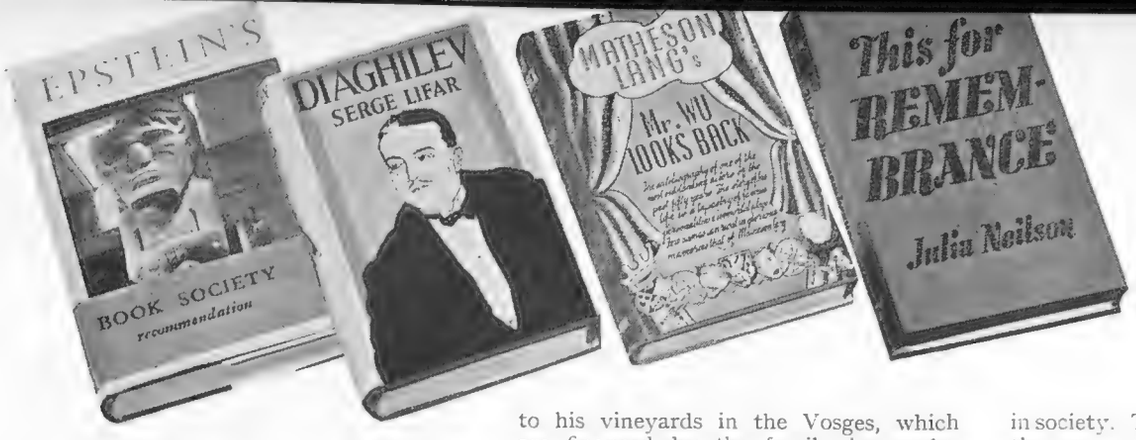
For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one of the hunters, who, to his surprise and relief, did not betray him. Later he crept to the tent of that same man, who split the "kang" and set him free. The boy soon found a mount and made his way back to the parental "yurt," where he found a scene of desolation left by the ravages of the marauders.

In a short time he succeeded in finding his family, who were now reduced to a forlorn handful of fugitives. Almost unaided, he began to re-establish a band of faithful followers with whom he undertook the arduous task of regaining all that he had lost and capturing much more besides. His subsequent feats can only be described as prodigious. They combined an energy, wisdom and perseverance that were nothing short of miraculous. With his genius for making friends and winning over to his side the most diffident. (*Continued on page* 54)

Realising that news of his death would affect the outcome of the fight, he commanded that it be kept secret and that the traffic in and out of his tent should continue as if he were still issuing orders



Reviewed By Noel Thompson

BOOKS:

WHEN an authoress chooses a subject, writes a novel which draws the moral she wishes to make, and then finds just as she completes it that what she has written is coming true, she has every reason to feel pleased at her perspicacity even if she worries as to whether she will be believed that the book was written before the events.

Storm Jameson wanted to write about the relations of France and Germany so far as the average man was concerned. She wanted to show the effect of the last war and the trend of politics in Europe. She chose Alsace as the background and Honoré Burckheim as the grand old man round which to build her story of "Cousin Honoré" (Cassell, 8s.). And a grand story it is of the old man, a sturdy patriot, narrow-minded perhaps, devoted to his vineyards in the Vosges, which are financed by the family ironworks. The sinister movement which tends to push the ironworks under German influence, the growing threat from beyond the Rhine, the fifth column work, are brilliantly portrayed. It is explanatory of the collapse of France in many ways, almost ironically so, and proved prophetic, for the collapse came a week after the finish of the novel, which itself goes up to the outbreak of the war. This is first-class writing and character drawing, telling a fine tale.

SOME more good character drawing appears in "A Dark Side Also" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) in which Peter Conway, who in private life is a medical man and a psychologist, tells the story of one Dr. Brandt and his psycho-analytical work in society. This is well written, especially the scene before the General Medical Council when the hero's name is erased from the register for unprofessional conduct. The characters of his women patients and his lovers, of the difficult child he is treating, of the socialite girl, are keenly drawn and his cases are cleverly woven into the story.

Also with a medical touch, but very different, is "Nicer to Stay in Bed" (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.). The author is John Paddy Carstairs, with two clever books already to his credit. Film director son of Nelson Keys, he has made the private ward of a hospital his background and with a *risqué* touch here and there has skipped lightly from patients to nurses and woven a tale round their lives. His sense of humour and judgment of character are (*Continued on page* 69)

Four Outstanding Lives

THERE is always so much of interest behind any theatrical production of which the public never knows, so many personal dramas, that whenever I pick up the autobiography of some star I can lay the odds that I am in for a fascinating read. Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Matheson Lang have not let the public down.

What a good title "This For Remembrance" (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.) and what a good book! Julia Neilson is generous, as one would expect of an actress who never "hogged the limelight" and has devoted plenty of space to the famous Terry family, into which she married, and to her husband, Fred Terry, with whom for thirty years she made such an ideal romantic stage partnership. Who will ever forget their "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," or "The Scarlet Pimpernel"? This book teems with happy memories, with stories of their struggles and successes. and every would-be actress should read it, and study her advice. "What have you got that will make people pay high prices just to see you walk across the stage?" Julia Neilson would ask stage aspirants. What Julia Neilson had, is the answer. She will make friends through this book as easily as she has all her life.

Matheson Lang chooses "Mr. Wu Looks Back" (Stanley Paul, 15s.) as the title for his autobiography. Naturally, it overlaps Julia Neilson's in period and here again the virility of the acting comes out in the writing. The struggles of his early days in the hard school of repertory, his adventures on tours in the West Indies, Canada, India, China, South Africa and America; how he found the real Mr. Wu, and the play ever came to be put on, the history of "The Wandering Jew"; and finally his own experiences in films—all go to make a quick-moving story which I bracket with the above as one to be bought, begged, or borrowed.

Jacob Epstein was not born into the limelight, but he has been in it ever since. He is the one artist every man in the street knows by name and feels apparently capable of criticising. I do not criticise his book "Let There Be Sculpture" (Michael Joseph, 18s.), I merely recommend it as strongly as I can. There is humour, sound sense of judgment, keen argument, and abundant character in this inside story of his life and work. He became a household word in the hardest and least profitable of the arts. The illustrations are plentiful and good; the case for and against him lies revealed. Whatever your views you'll enjoy reading this.

Serge Lifar has written in "Diaghilev" (Putnam, 21s.) a combination of scientific monograph on a great man and his own personal memoirs. The former is detailed and my personal ignorance on the subject makes me find the latter the more interesting. The poor pay and hard work of the leading dancer; the hundred rehearsals necessary for the first performance of "L'Après-midi d'un faune"; the emotional strain—all this and more, too, make the book an obvious classic on the ballet.

The final description of the death of Diaghilev is sheer emotionalism, a study in writing so macabre it could never be pictured on the stage.

IT was getting on towards three o'clock on a Monday afternoon, and a number of the boys of Wiltmore College were drifting back along the High Street to go into afternoon school. Bucky Mead and Dick Sinclair were browsing on chocolate caramels and talking about the forthcoming hour's French, when Bucky suddenly stuck an elbow against Dick's biceps.

"There you are!" he said. "Didn't I say you were born lucky? You've just bust a show lace—and here's a chap selling 'em."

Dick did not exactly see the point.

"Yes, and I've just passed about ten shops where I could get a pair. But I've got plenty up at the house."

"Oh, go on," said Bucky, "be a sport. Tuppence won't hurt you, and the poor chap looks as if he could do with it."

The man who stood by the kerb side bearing a tray of studs and laces which hung by straps from his shoulders certainly seemed rather sorry for himself. His overcoat, once black, was now greenish and tattered. He looked cold and hungry and dejected. But a smile appeared on his weather-beaten face as he caught Bucky's eye.

"Studs, laces, sir?" he said. "Spare a penny to help an old soldier."

"Pair of black shoe laces for a gentleman," said Bucky, approaching him. "And if the gentleman won't pay for them I suppose I shall have to dub up."

"Penny or twopenny pair, sir? Twopenny pair lasts for ever. Penny pair ain't guaranteed for more'n forty years. Can't do no trade at all in this mouldy town."

Dick picked up a pair of laces and squinted at them. Bucky looked at the face above the tray.

"Did you say you were an old soldier?" he asked.

"Sure. Look here."

The vendor fished in his breast pocket and brought out tattered papers. The wreck of an official-looking document announced that Lance-corporal Ernest Sprocking, M.M., had received his discharge from His Majesty's Army in May, 1919. His character was exemplary.

"What's the matter, then?" said Bucky. "Can't you find work?"

"Can't do it! At least, nothing heavy, Look here."

He rolled up his right sleeve. A long white scar ran into a kind of network of torn muscles which had knit badly in healing.

"Can't lift things like I could. My arm worked all right at first so I didn't get no pension. But it let me down later on and I couldn't get no pension then. Got to do this."

"Bad luck," said Dick. "Here's a bob. What about it, Bucky?"

"I've got one, too." Bucky was fumbling. "Or a brace of tanners."

Sprocking was grinning now and the light of gratitude was in his eyes. He began to utter thanks but Dick cut him short.

"Pity you can't think of some way of advertising," he said. "My pater says you might just as well be dead as try to do business without it. Everybody wants studs and laces sooner or later. You ought to work it so that you get a crowd fairly mobbing you to buy."

"Wish I knew how it was done," said Sprocking, with a grin.

Dick looked as if he had suddenly received a brain-wave—as in fact he thought he had.

"Where will you be at half-past five?" he asked.

"Depends on whether I'm alive or dead," said Sprocking. "If I'm alive I won't be so very far from 'ere."

"Can you be at that corner —where I'm pointing—at five-thirty? Five-thirty sharp,

"PAIR of black shoe laces for a gentleman," said Bucky, approaching him

A Spot of Latin

Which provided a spot of bother and a spot of cash to an old soldier

By A. M. Burrage

because we don't get much time before prep."

Sprocking grinned.

"All right," he said. "What's the idea?"

"Oh, it's an idea all right. Might be able to put something in your way."

"All right, sir. Thank you, sir."

The boys went on and Bucky turned suddenly on Dick.

"You *are* a cow!" he said. "What on earth can you do for that chap?"

"*Shush!* What's Latin for 'to give'?"

"*Do, dare, dedi, datum*, you ass. Ought to know as much by this time. Why?"

"Imperative would be *Date*. *Date pecuniam mihi*—give me some money. Would that be right?"

"Shouldn't think so."

"Why not?"

"'Cause you're nearly always wrong. What's the——?"

"Well, anyhow, it would be near enough. Anybody who knew a bit of Latin would know what it was meant to mean."

"I dare say. But what are you getting at?"

"I'm going to print *Date pecuniam mihi* on a card in big block letters and give it to him to put on his tray. Oh, and what's 'old soldier'? *Senex soldatus*, I suppose. Anyhow, it won't do any harm."

Bucky began to laugh.

"Yes it will, me lad. He'll be run in for begging. Asking people to give him money."

"But they won't all know what it means."

"Then what's the good, you ass?"

"I mean, the police won't. And all the old gentlemen who think the world of a bit of education will fall over one another to give something to a chap who seems to know a bit of Latin. My old grandfather would for one."

"Um!" said Bucky.

And when Bucky said "Um!"—just like that—it meant that he didn't think much of the idea.

"You might be able to get your grandfather down here and fall over another old gentleman to give that guy a bob—but I rather doubt it," he said.

But Dick had his way.

At five o'clock he rushed to his study, rummaged out a piece of paste-board, and set to work with pen and ink and ruler. Five minutes later Bucky leaned over his shoulder.

"I haven't shoved in the *Senex soldatus*," said Dick, looking up. "No room on the card—not if I make the other nice and big. See? Now that's going to look all right when I've inked it in, isn't it?"

"Looks like a motto," Bucky remarked, grinning. "Ought to have a crest on top of it. Two sausages rampant on a field of chips. Wonder if that chap will be there?"

"What, the senex soldatus? You bet he will. He's had two bob out of us already and looking for something more."

Dick grinned and started to fill in the letters.

THE old soldier kept the appointment. It is just possible that he expected something more in the way of ready cash, but if that were the case he hid his disappointment.

"Wot's this here?" he asked, eyeing the card dubiously. "Dates and My Heye. It don't seem to make no sense."

"Yes, it does," said Bucky, "only it's Latin. Lots of learned people round here. They'll stop and read it and be frightfully bucked with you for knowing a bit of Latin—or seeming to—that they'll buy up all your stock in no time."

"Yes, but what's it mean?"

But before he could have received a reply Sprocking, whose thoughts often raced ahead of him, went on to answer his own question after a sketchy fashion.

"Oh, I get you. It's a motter. We had one in our regiment. It meant, 'First in, Last out.' Chaps from other regiments used to say: 'Where? The canteen?' Ah, that led to trouble sometimes, that did. That's how I come to get my nose a bit crooked. It never went straight again not after it was broke."

Sprocking rummaged in a pocket while he talked, and at last produced a large safety pin. This with some difficulty he inserted in the card and finally pinned the latter to his chest just above the level of the tray.

"I say," said Dick a little later, "we forgot to tell him what *Date pecuniam mihi* meant, and he never asked."

Bucky laughed.

"Fat lot he cares—so long as he thinks it'll bring him a bob or two. The ones that matter won't need telling what it means. As for the others—well, he can tell 'em anything."

It seemed as if no great harm could come to the old soldier through carrying those apparently innocent words pinned to his chest; and the two boys were quite unprepared for the rapid sequel.

Walker Minor came laughing into the junior day-room at about half-past eight that evening.

"Say, you fellows," he announced, "there's been some fun in the old town to-night. They forgot to send the Camel his evening paper and he told me to go out and get one, and——"

"Why didn't you tell us you were going?" said Dick. "There's something I wanted——"

"The Camel" was Mr. Royston, the housemaster. He got the name through telling wrongdoers that their offences were "the last straw."

"No time. The (*Continued on page 61*)

The Dream

THE special correspondent of the *Martian News* adjusted his atomic transmission set, and began to tap.

"I am sending this message from a hill behind a seaport which the inhabitants call Hellfire Corner, although on the earth map you will find it marked as Dover, England. England is the lower half of the elongated island broken away from the north-west part of the European continent. A strip of sea varying from twenty to a hundred miles wide separates it from the big land block, and this explains why the armoured mass of the Hitlerian horde, whose surge from the Rhine to the Seine I reported last June, was halted on the opposite coast, and did not sweep on and over this small island on the extreme fringe of the North Atlantic. I should explain that these islanders possess a formidable sea fleet, and some remarkable weaponed airplanes, which considerably complicate the technical problems of the opposing general staff controlling the Hitlerian war machine.

"Since the summer I have made a complete survey of the planet, and I have now to report that the situation is extremely interesting and full of exciting possibilities. If you look at the map you will note that the earth is divided into an eastern and a western hemisphere. In the eastern half there are three continents, Europe, Africa, and Asia. These three continents contain eighty per cent of the total world population of two thousand million human beings. The western part contains the continents of North and South America, holding the remainder of the inhabitants. These people are organised on a geographical basis into political communities called nations, each eager to be self-contained and to live in its own particular way. But several of the stronger and more adventurous nations have gathered larger groupings around themselves by conquest or consent, and these are called empires or unions. There are only five of these which count in terms of power now. These are: Britain, the United States, Germany, Japan, and Russia. There was a sixth, France; but the position there is complicated owing to the war.

"This war—of which we first became aware in the earth time of September, 1939, by the minute but vivid flashes discerned through the new telescopes, and the curiously regular thuds recorded by the new microphones—has now spread over the whole of the eastern hemisphere. There has been nothing like it in all human history.

"The Germanic tribes, who suffered defeat in the first world war and deposed their hereditary emperor, have found a folk monarch, and a system which they call 'totalitarian,' admirably suited for war: and in an amazingly short time they have made themselves the military masters of Europe. Only this small island—or rather, two islands, the British Isles—remain free. On the other side of the land block, in East Asia, the Japanese are attempting to emulate the Germanic feat, and conquer 400,000,000 Chinese, and incorporate them in a huge yellow empire, which they will then dominate, as the Germans plan to dominate Europe and its 450,000,000 white people as a first stage towards greater conquests.

"In fact, the European and the Asiatic wars are not two wars, but one war, and it may help you to understand the war set-up if I explain that most of the people of the eastern hemisphere now are living under totalitarian systems clamped down on them by the governing groups of Germany, Russia, and Japan. But the inhabitants of this British island, and the group of nations they lead or control, strongly object to this totalitarian business, and they are fighting all over the place, in the skies, on the seas, and in the deserts. They are even preparing to fight on land in Europe.

"This robust resistance has greatly impressed the peoples of the western hemisphere, who at first thought that they would have to make some sort of deal with the all-conquering Germanic totalitarians. And now the position is that the western hemisphere leader, a union of forty-eight States, is aiding the British group openly, providing machines and weapons and ships and aeroplanes and bullets, bombs, and shells, while the British have lent the Americans naval and air bases which the latter may need, especially if the Hitlerian warriors manage to invade and conquer this island stronghold, and so establish themselves along the whole Atlantic coast in this hemisphere.

"These British and Americans, who oppose the totalitarians, call themselves democracies, although many Americans say Britain is not a democracy, and the totalitarians call both plutocracies and assert that they and not the democracies care for the common man, the democracies being concerned with the elevation of the rich, and the preservation of class and caste distinctions.

"It seems, however, that the democracies are concerned with the protection of the freedom of the individual, while the totalitarians regard the individual as the slave of a State ruled by a privileged group of politicians headed by an all-powerful dictator. In part, the struggle is not new: it was fought out in Rome two thousand years ago between the adherents of the republic and the partisans of the empire, and five hundred years earlier in Greece between democrats and oligarchs. The soldier Napoleon tried to do a hundred and forty years ago much of what the politician Hitler seeks to achieve today.

Decoration by J. Nicolson

# of Mars

It's the World State Born of War—but Blue-prints of Tomorrow's Utopia are not all Alike

By C. Patrick Thompson

"The Anglo-American group think they will win, because in essence this is a war of machines, food, and oil; and Europe cannot feed itself, nor produce enough oil to fuel and lubricate its machines through a long war. On the other hand, Britain with her sea fleet can block supplies to Europe, and draw supplies to herself from her ocean empire and the Americas. But the Germanic group believe that the start they gained with machines and all war apparati and organisation, plus the European conquests which have enabled them to throw a semi-circle of bases around the British islands, have given them an advantage which the British cannot overcome in time; and that before the American machine power can turn the balance, they will win the war by assault, and conquest.

"While these war procedures continue, men think and talk of the world after the war. Dreams and schemes chase one another in men's minds. There are intimate, secret talks. There are negotiations and soundings. Plots are hatched, and counter-plots, as men and women hear what is afoot, and move hastily to advance this interest, or block that offer. Glittering rewards tempt men and groups of men. Fear swings men and combinations of men now this way and now that. Religious organisations are involved, and participate. Emissaries hurry hither and thither. The ether resounds with lies, deceits, and battle cries. But behind all this clang, massively squat, silent and waiting, the gigantic war machines of five or six great powers. One, or the other, or a combination of two or three, ultimately will decide which of the several dreams of tomorrow's world shall come true, take shape, and mould the course of human destiny.

"You will now want to know what is hidden from these earth men, whose science does not yet enable them to discern the future from the events of the present. I have at last managed to readjust my fourth dimension machine to earth conditions; and this evening, feeding it with data gathered during my planet tour, I set it for a five years' movement down the time curve of the future. The movement is nearly completed, and in a few minutes I shall be tuning in my brain receivers. You will then hear who has won this war, when, and how, and what happened afterwards. Stand by now to——"

At that moment the receiver on Mars emitted a loud crack, and went dead. The Martians worked frantically, but could not restore contact. The fact was, their observer on Earth had fallen victim to one of those bits of sheer bad luck with which earth folk in England have become so familiar since August, 1940. A swastika bomber, turned back by gunfire, had let go its bombs before recrossing the coast, and the Martian, in the direct path of a big one, was disintegrated.

YOU can therefore exercise your own ingenuity on the answer to the great enigma. The truth is that not even the most authoritative persons have any clear idea what the post-war map will look like. If the Germans win, Britain will become a vassal state of the Hitlerian empire; but what happens to the Germans if the British win is anybody's guess. Sir Nevile Henderson sees no peace ever without Anglo-German collaboration; but Sir Robert Vansittart condemns the Germanic tribes as incorrigible war makers.

It is not even certain whether Britain will emerge as a capitalist state, or the national-socialist community which some friendly American observers foresee.

But one thing seems clear. Whatever anybody says about restoring the sovereign independence of small nations—and it's notable that although President Roosevelt has said this must occur, the Churchill team maintain a masterly silence on the subject, doubtless thinking of Russia and her subjugations and absorptions from the Baltic to the Black Sea—the tide of war and of human affairs is towards larger organisations and not smaller ones.

One of the things this war has taught us is that small States cannot maintain their neutrality if it does not suit a big power that they should do so, and unless they join a commonwealth or union, they are a menace to world peace, and a standing temptation to the aggressor. The peaceful power forced to fight cannot move into the small neutral State until or unless the latter invites the move in; and by that time it is too late—the aggressor State is either there first, or too far on the way. Holland and Belgium, Norway and Denmark, have paid for the illusion they cherished. Turkey, allied to Britain now, looks ahead to safeguarding her independence through (*Continued on page 72*)

Catch 'em Young

Because it is the minor ailments, so often overlooked in childhood, which mark the beginnings of more serious troubles in after life, the decision to catch 'em young is always worth making.

Many children have small complaints, sometimes no more than occasional recurring discomforts such as car sickness, chilblains, sore throats. These are typical children's ailments. Not so serious that they demand immediate attention, but always indicative of a latent condition which, if neglected, may be difficult to correct when time has increased its seriousness.

Often the trouble comes and goes too rapidly to be of much consequence, and the temptation to rely upon the sufferer growing out of it is too much to resist. Occasionally, of course, time does disperse the trouble, but not often enough to depend upon. In any case it is a risky assumption.

Take car sickness. This is quite a common ailment with children and leads to great inconvenience as well as to discomfort. It has something in common with sea sickness which, though it is not commonly understood, is largely attributable to the effect of the sea's movement upon the inner ear. Pronounced movements of the ship which make undue demands upon these organs produce the symptoms of sea sickness, and it is somewhat similar with car sickness, of which the most common cause is eyestrain and an unbalanced condition of the eye muscles.

Any weakness of the eyes may show itself in this manner wherever there is need for a constantly changing focus, as in the case of car riding. The child's vision may be perfect, but a test will often reveal a muscular defect which corrected will disperse the symptoms of sickness entirely.

As a palliative, glucose may be helpful.

Hay fever, another common seasonal complaint which gives great discomfort is often left to take its course.

Some abnormality of the nasal tissues is responsible for the streaming of the eyes and nose typical of hay fever. Hyper-sensitive spots in the mucous lining of the nasal cavities lead to intense local irritation of the parts at the season when pollen is floating in the atmosphere.

These sensitive parts can be hardened by treatment and should be so if the child is to be saved from a lifetime of periodic discomfort. Witch hazel and alkaline solutions used in a spray are useful in alleviating the trouble while it is on.

Chilblains, though so common and so often disregarded except as an inconvenience, are in reality the symptoms of a mineral deficiency in the blood which should be corrected with all possible speed. The old wives' theory that hot-water bottles and warming the toes at the fire have any connexion with the origin of the complaint are worthless. Moreover, if the sufferer is allowed to continue without proper treatment, the deficiency will undoubtedly lead, sooner or later, to symptoms far more serious and far less simple to get rid of.

A long course of calcium in an assimilable form (there are one or two excellent patent preparations) will work miracles in the cure of chilblains and their cause. Regular daily exercises to increase circulation are also a necessary part of the treatment.

Stammering is among the more serious complaints common to children. Long investigation of this particular defect of speech has lead to the conclusion that the causes are more psychological than physiological.

Excessive nervousness, anxiety hysteria, which is one of the more obtuse though not uncommon forms of nervous disorder, as well as poor brain circulation, are contributory causes.

Elocution, voice production exercises and such similar treatments have all been proved extremely beneficial in the sense only that they increase self-confidence, and in connexion with the difficulties which often occur in producing certain (Continued on page 67)

The vital careers of the post-war world offer tremendous scope to young women who should get trained now, ready to staff and rebuild it

(*Above*) A view of two small people with whom the trainees of the Wellgarth Nursery Training College work in Wiltshire . . . up the steps to a better tomorrow? (*Below*) On the top floor of the famous Building Centre in Bond Street, younger men and women are working in their spare time at their post-war careers. If you want details about "Planning" in all its branches, write in and ask them

TO-MORROW'S PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN

Alison wants to throw up her architecture and do some real paid war work, and I think I shall let her. What do you think?"

Mother, aged about forty : daughter aged about eighteen : fairly comfortable background to the family. The answer stuck out a mile and I gave it : "Certainly *not*. Let her go right on with her architecture, because she'll be about ready to help when our world has to be rebuilt. Let her do unpaid war work for as many hours a week as she can manage."

That, I think is the answer to many of the round-about-twenty younger women who sincerely want to help the war effort, but are not quite sure what is the right thing to aim at. Get trained and ready to staff and to rebuild the post-war world. It will need, and need desperately, doctors, architects, pharmacists, electricians, child welfare experts, industrial psychologists, dieticians, doctors, veterinary surgeons, nurses, teachers, research workers, economists, industrialists, radiologists—and a score of classes of experts whose training takes time. Now is the time for that training.

Pharmacy is definitely one of to-morrow's professions for women, and its scope ranges from pure research, via Government and institutional posts, work with wholesale drug houses, and retail businesses, to dispensing. The war has not interrupted training, and the assistant secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain writes that all the schools that are approved by the society are still open and running their normal courses.

The society's own school has been evacuated to University College, Cardiff. The training can be taken in universities, colleges and schools, technical schools and "polys," and the quickest way to get all details is to write to the registrar of the society at 17 Bloomsbury Square. Those who want to do dispensing only, can take the Assistant Examination (nine months' training, which with hostel living expenses, costs about £90 in peace time), under the Society of Apothecaries.

After the war we shall have the chance to build as we never built before, and this time women can have their equal say in house and town planning. One of the vital key professions will be architecture, and its allied crafts (domestic electrical experts, for example, will be needed). Write to the R.I.B.A. at 66 Portland Place, W.1, and get the information about training that you need : or call on F. R. Yerbury at the Building Centre in Bond Street, and have a talk with the younger generation who are still keeping going in his famous atelier on the top floor; ask about the School of Planning, and get some idea of the scope of work that will be needed in the world of to-morrow.

The woman who wants to get to grips with the problems and the machinery of the social state in which she will have to live may tend towards the sort of professional training that that famous centre, the London School of Economics, gives. The school has moved to Cambridge, and, among other things, degrees in economics, commerce and laws are open to students.

Here the woman can train who wants to enter the field of commerce, public services, secretarial and organising work, social work and teaching.

Write to the secretary at New Court, Peterhouse, Cambridge, for the booklet "Careers," remembering that your girl's urge to be of service to the nation at this moment can be translated into accurate, expert training for such jobs as probation officer, juvenile employment officer, public assistance official, labour manager, industrial welfare worker, and woman house property manager under the Octavia Hill system, as well as all the more commercial openings, and a mental health course that prepares candidates for posts as psychiatric social workers and workers in child guidance clinics.

More than ever are we going to exploit physical fitness and training. The famous Bedford Physical Training College reports that they are continuing their training and have more students than usual for this current year.

Agriculture and horticulture will remain two of the finest careers for healthy women. Write to the famous Swanley Horticultural College, now at the Midland Agricultural College, Sutton (Continued on page 69)

INSIDE

BACHELOR GIRL Just enough money to keep a one-room flat in London, a war job which keeps her fully occupied, friends in and around London, a mother and father in the country and an unquenchable desire for independence, is a general background to the young woman in her early twenties who spends a good deal of her life at home in the room pictured here.

It is a two-purpose room. A room for sleeping and living and entertaining friends.

Her taste is for graceful period furniture, strong, individual colourings and few etceteras.

The divan, which is her bed by night, conceals under the snugly fitted day cover two drawers fitted beneath box spring. In these bedclothes and extra blankets can be kept.

The distempered walls are a deep warm honey honey colour. Left of the picture is an old-fashioned wardrobe, which, for a small outlay, was stripped of its polish and repainted to match the walls. A long mirror is fitted inside one of the doors, and in the other are small shelves for stockings and other trifles. Two long drawers below hold lingerie and household linen.

Over the plain net curtains of cream muslin cotton velvet curtains of sky blue are gracefully draped under straight pelmets.

The divan cover is honey colour, striped with blue. Blue of a deeper shade covers the armchair, of which the frame has been stripped of polish and painted to match the walls.

In the window a mahogany sofa table with two antique chairs gives an authentic touch of beauty to the other very simple pieces.

The fitted carpet is navy blue, and a lacquer red vase on the window shelf brings a note of contrast which is repeated in the motif on cupboard and the tallboy chest.

COUNTRY WIFE Home has always been her main preoccupation. In thirty years of marriage she has learned a few things about the essentials of home-making. Above all, she has learned to distinguish between those things which invest a home with just beauty, and those which invest it with love.

She is a countrywoman, and the things of the country are her pride and constant interest. From every window of her her house, she sees the flowers and the trees that her own hands have planted, a little landscape of her own making which is, virtually, the frontiers of her world. Everywhere there is the appeal of homely things.

Indoors there is furniture which she loves because of its associations. Old, loved chairs that little feet have bounced upon; newer pieces that stand as landmarks in the progress towards a modest prosperity.

In the sitting-room the walls are cream, the curtains of rust velvet, and the same warm colouring appears in the chintz covering of the chunky settee and chairs. The old fireplace is grouped about with softly shaded lamps, warm Persian rug, and cushions in green and rust mingle their colouring with the brighter ones of the chair covers; water colours bring an attractive brightness to the walls.

STORY

A home is a reflection of its owner. It mirrors tastes, interests, character. Here are rooms from the homes of four widely different persons. Each is an inside story in itself, a reflection of the person concerned. From each there is something to be learned

MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR. The age is somewhere between forty-five and fifty. Advanced enough to justify, perhaps, the term confirmed bachelor.

His house is his castle, is in a London square adjacent to the libraries and museums, which are the delight of his leisure; convenient for entertaining on a small but fastidious scale. Good pictures, good wine and good food are his preoccupations at home and the dining-room shown, like the rest of the house, is luxuriously masculine.

Dim parchment walls offset the wax polish of the trestle table, the gracious William and Mary cabinet in which exquisite china in white and gold is displayed. The portraits in oils are from a small but valuable collection.

Linen curtains in muted pinks and browns furnish the long windows, and cover the seats of the high-back chairs. The faded colourings of a beautiful Persian rug are enhanced by a soft brown carpet.

No superfluous detail disturbs this room. Severe it may be, but severity becomes a virtue when softened by beautiful lighting, rich colouring, and an atmosphere of well being.

PROVINCIAL HOUSEWIFE. She is like many other Englishwomen in the sense that she knows what she wants, and has emphatic inclinations in regard to the comfort and decoration of her home, yet she avoids eccentricity.

She enjoys a moderate prosperity which is expressed in her home, yet there is nothing exotic in its appointment. It is a home which provides a charming and gracious background for herself and her husband, who is a man of simple tastes. It speaks of luxury without pretentiousness, of imagination nicely curbed to a pointed simplicity.

Her own bedroom is designed to satisfy her taste for delicate colouring, yet has enough practical simplicity to be shared with her husband.

The walls and woodwork are tinted ivory. The bed recess is enhanced with a paper of palest pink spattered with a design of rosebuds in pink. At each side of the bed is an illuminated recess to hold books, a telephone and other necessities. The bedhead, like the dressing-table and the graceful escritoire, are painted ivory, heavily outlined with green, and enriched with a flower design, repeating the colouring of the wall-paper in the recess.

A luxurious crushed velvet in a faded rose colour covers the bed. The straight window drapes of the same rose colouring have undercurtains of palest green ninon with a motif matching that of the bedhead, the cupboard doors and the wood valance which encloses the bed recess.

Natural skin rugs are strewn upon a fitted carpet of moss green, the tub chair covered in ivory satin is buttoned with green, and crystal lustre candle lamps are shaded with net tied with bows of rose-pink velvet.

By Winifred Lewis

Cepea printed sateen, cream ground, with flowers in pink, white and green. 31 in. wide. Cepeafabrics are approximately 2/11 a yard

Cepea printed casement, cream ground, red, blue, yellow and green design. Fadeless. 48 in. wide

Rosebank printed cotton. Wine-red ground with cream design. 31 in. wide, fadeless. 5/- plus tax

Rosebank printed linen. Cream ground, copper or green design. 50 in. 8/- plus tax

Rosebank washable glaze. Red, green and brown grounds with cream flowers. 31 in. wide. 4/- plus tax

War

Paint for your Home

There is one certain thing about this war—if, before it is through, we are not all expert in making things seem what they are not, we shall never be.

Most women will concede that the situation has its compensations. There is a lot of fun in making something out of nothing, and in no place is the fun so varied as it is in the home.

This spring we shall need all our invention to give a tonic to the house and to satisfy the need for change without dipping too deeply into funds.

After the winter and black-out depression some new colour-schemes will help to bring new spirit to the house. Colour is cheap and effective and easy to handle. Paint is the key to many new effects. Call it war paint and use it lavishly to cheer yourself and your home.

What sort of painter are you? Amateur, of course, but don't let that depress you. All you need is patience, moderate perseverance and the right sort of paint. Good implements are essential to good work. You simply cannot get a first-rate finish with shoddy materials, and you can't work in a hurry. The preparation for painting should be very thorough.

Most good makes of paint and distemper are made now with the object of simplifying their use for amateurs. Choose the best paint for your homework, because it is easier to handle and far more likely to produce the effect you want. Incidentally, it is cheaper in the end, because it goes farther.

Always prepare the surface for painting with the utmost care. Scamping this part of the programme will wreck the whole thing. It is impossible to get a good finish over a dirty or scarred surface. A little extra trouble in preparation is well worth while.

Use good implements, good materials, and take your time both in planning your work and in carrying it out. Do this faithfully and you cannot go wrong with your war painting.

If your programme is to freshen up your house at the least possible cost and with the least trouble, here is the best way to start.

First take your rooms to pieces metaphorically, bit by bit. If the walls are papered and are in good enough condition to remain as they are, so much the better, because paper-hanging is not an easy job for an amateur, although distempering is simple enough to do.

We will imagine, then, that you have papered walls and that the paper is good enough to remain, but the paintwork needs renewing. Try an entirely new colour for the paint—and give the paper a fresh lease of life. The same applies, of course, if the walls are distempered and still clean.

Imagine the paper to be pink. Pastel grey would be a good choice in this case for the woodwork. Some new fabrics which pick up the colouring of the walls and woodwork will be all that is needed to make a brand-new room.

If the wallpaper pattern mingles several colourings, pick out one of the strongest of them and use it for the woodwork. Be cautious about matching colours. A near match isn't good enough. If you cannot get the exact tone, or a tint of the same colour, cut it out altogether and try a contrast.

Go all out for some unusual colour combinations to give the room pep, if you are relying entirely on colour to make it seem interesting again. Get right away from the hackneyed pink-and-green, blue-and-gold, brown-and-orange harmonies of age-old popularity. An arresting new colour-scheme in a room full of familiar furniture will make the place seem new.

Carpets tie one down, it is true. This is why neutral-coloured carpet is best in the long run because it gives far more scope for the introduction of new fabrics from time to time. At the same time, if the carpet you have is of a definite colouring, you can build a new scheme around it.

Say, for instance, the carpet is blue. There is an interesting colour-scheme to build around it. Distemper the walls and woodwork lavender. Have plain silk or satin curtains of candy pink. This is a rather shrill but lovely colour with a bluish tone. Cover the chairs with a plain blue fabric somewhat lighter in tone, though of the same colour family as the carpet. An alternative is to choose a fabric with a background of lighter blue than the carpet and patterned with pink to tone with (Continued on page 59)

Above left is a room which depends for its beauty, to a large extent, upon unusual and varied colouring. The walls are pastel blue-green, the curtains are of white glazed material, widely striped in scarlet. A similar material covers the chairs, this time narrowly striped with brown. The large cushions are a dark, rich green and the satin covering of the stool is vivid purple.

Immediately above is a room with walls of dove-grey, showing a design of a slightly darker tone. The settee is covered with chintz in a glowing copper dotted with white. Doors and woodwork are white, and the upholstery of the smaller easy chairs is copper satin. The carpet is a deep, rich gold.

Left: The walls here are a clear yellow. The heavy curtains are brown with a light design of cream. The flower picture over the oak chest in reds, greens and rich yellows, links up again with the painted tray to the right of it, also with the flowers on the table and chest.

FASHIONS By JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Women's Department

1. THE ODD JACKET, last year's best-seller, continues in triumph. Here it is, cardigan cut, in brushed wool, which can look sporting or town-y, according to your etceteras. (18/6 in three blues, nigger, navy, hunting pink). The tweed skirt achieves flare with back and front godets. 25/11

2. RIC-RAC BRAID, edging the collar and running round the wide skirt of a shirt-style woollen frock, gives it a young, spirited air. The bodice has good square shoulders and slight gathers coming from half-yokes. In navy with red and navy trimming. 35/-

3. THIS COAT HAS EVERYTHING—cut, importance, gaiety, detail. Observe the fine shoulders, the high lapels, the bishop sleeves, the seaming, the unusual pockets. At back, a panel has flared godets on either side. In black-and-white tweed with a raised red fleck and other interesting colour combines. 73/6

4. TAFFETA DRESS, underlining its charm with high, gathered shoulders, a white lace collar, a bosom-flattering corseleted waist. Self buttons go from throat to hem. Unpressed pleats release front skirt fullness. At back, the bodice is shaped to mould the waist. In navy and other colours. Six and a half guineas.

5. THE CLASSIC SUIT, looking its most distinguished in a beige tweed, cleanly checked with green. The skirt has an inverted pleat for walking ease. The jacket has high revers, traditional slit hip pockets, and all the line that fine tailoring bequeaths. Also to be obtained in plain and herring-bone patterned tweeds and friezes. £6 6 0

6. THE LITTLE BLACK FROCK, an indispensable in any well-set-up wardrobe. This one, styled on shirtmaker lines, acquires piquancy with sham pockets in the likeness of bows gathered into green leather knots. The narrow belt also is green. A wrapover pleat occurs at front and back of the skirt. £1 1 0

7. TAILORED TOP COAT in natural camel, cut on fit-and-swing-out lines. The close placing of the double row of buttons tells something new. So do the mock pockets which go right round the hips and manage to look like a basque. £6 6 0

8. THE APRON DRESS in navy taffeta, with a white lace collar. The apron is fixed to the dress and has a gathered frill trim. A sash holds in the waist and ties at back. The perfect young-girl frock. Six and a half guineas.

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Windows OF THE Soul

Our eyes have certainly had to take it this winter. Short days have kept us peering. Daily workers have dressed to artificial light, taken tickets in blacked-out stations, shuffled on to long, dark platforms, sat, trying to read, under blue train lights, pored over close work all day, pored over books, cards, or knitting at night, straining, straining to see. Dimly-lit shelters, buses, underground railways; inadequately blacked-out homes entailing heavy shading of indoor lights; the general anxiety and stress of the times have piled up the strain on our eyes.

Nothing slows up progress quite so effectively as this life in the gloaming. Our constant impatience leads to a straining to see, and that results in pink lids, bloodshot eyes and a burning sensation either in the eyeballs or at the back of the eyes. These are immediate and tangible warnings, commands to slow up. But there is another result which gives no warning—this one: by straining to see, we alter the focusing of our pupils; stretch a muscle; only an infinitesimal stretch is necessary to develop mild short-sightedness. The muscle can never be tightened back again.

This all comes from trying to make ourselves see. Now, this cannot be done. Sight is purely reflective, a passive sense. If we try and force it, we alter the setting of the mirror of vision—our pupil—and do harm. The way to guard against this is to allow our eyes to grow accustomed to a dim or a changed light before seeking to deal with small objects, and to limit close work under such conditions, or any conditions that make us stare, as much as possible. Staring is one of the most dangerous forms of eye-straining. If you find yourself staring, drop your lids. People who stare at print or strain over close work become short-sighted rapidly; they also get a burning pain behind the eyes, pink lids or conjunctivitis. Bathing helps the burn-sensation. A daily eye-bath with Optrex is a wartime necessity.

Whenever you have to think hard, do so with your eyes shut.

To help cure bloodshot, burning eyes and pink lids, sink your face in the palms of both hands and see black. Now, if you are tormented by anxiety or by overwork, the field of vision when your eyes are closed will probably be grey, shooting with comet colours. Think casually, without forcing, of some black object and place it against this field; then, still without forcing, increase the span of the black hat, umbrella or boot, until it embraces the whole of the field. The blacker you see, the more completely relaxed, and consequently rested, will your mind, sight and nerves be.

Another way is to hold your forefinger out at arm's length in front of you, somewhat to the right. Swing your head sharply from left to right and back again, noting the forefinger whenever it comes into vision. It will appear to move in the opposite direction. This exercise is best done standing with the right foot in a forward position, so that the whole body swings.

Then, there are actual exercises with the eyeball: looking up, to the right, down, to the left. And, if your eyelids seem tight, catch them from end to end, between finger and thumb and nick them lightly in the centre. That relieves tension.

Look out over distances, especially now that spring is coming near, as often as you can. If you have to move around in the black-out, stand a few moments in it until objects assume their shape—agreed, it will often be an odd and deceptive shape—in the new light. Don't try to hasten sight.

Lastly, if you get something in your eye, like a hefty lump of brick which is only grit but feels like a house, insert a drop of slightly warmed castor oil in the lower lid; close the eye and let the drop wash round it. Then slip an eye-cap or bandage over. The castor oil will stop the eyeball being torn and prevent inflammation, until help arrives.

COME CLEAN

I know quite well there are two of you, just as there are two of me. One is the glowing, the better-looking you, and the other, in strange contrast, the you that is definitely off.

It all depends, you say, on whether you are rested and newly-cleaned. Even if you are unrested but newly-cleaned you can pass muster.

Most women spend too much time trying to tone and nourish skins that are only half-clean, adding congestion to the under-skin cells and piling damage.

There is also a widespread feeling that if hands, face and neck are specially cleaned, the body will come up to scratch on mere baths. This is not so, as any Turkish bath will prove. A Turkish bath is one of the finest facials, even if an indirect one, as, if pores are not free to function in every part of the body, secretions will be carried from them by the bloodstream to the face, which, being exposed to the air, is poison's swiftest way out.

So learn to make the most of your bath. Have a magnifying-glass large enough to mirror your face. This will show you whether your pores are clear or silted up. Learn how to use the cleanses which suit your skin, from hot oils and creams to warm water and soap. Look your best self by getting down to your true self. Come clean.

When you have your bath, if the water is hard, use a softener—a handful of oatmeal is best. Nothing coats the skin so harmfully as lime from chalky water. Use a good, superfatted soap.

Suggestions: Yardley's Floating Bath-bowl from which the soap is worked in with an outsize shaving-brush; Arden's Velva Bath-mits, from which cream pours as they get to grips with the skin; Bronnley's Bath Soap, made with turtle oil, nourishing the skin as it cleans it.

Always loofah your back, the backs of your arms, under arms and under feet. Soles are one of the chief perspiration centres.

Milk cleansers freshen in two-twos. The more frequently they are used to remove old make-up and give the face a breather, the better.

Dab lavishly all over. Let the milk almost dry so as to clot the make-up before you wipe it off.

Then dab on more milk—to make certain of the cleanse. Anne French Cleansing Milk is 100 per cent. efficient.

No cleanse can equal the invigoration of a daily soap-and-water wash for thick and slightly greasy skins. All skins should have it twice a week: it stirs the circulation. Choose Erasmic or Bourjois Facial Soap. Both are excellent.

Important: increase the water from lukewarm to moderately hot gradually throughout the wash. This will prevent the advent of broken veins. Resinol Soap is good for acne, Nekko Soap for abrasions.

Oat-flakes are fine for a face without spots. Take a fistful and scour your cheeks: they will present you with a bloom equal to that of grape or peach. Some skins only seem to " do " on cream. The sharp contrast between the emollient and the astringent which follows it, suits them.

It 's the exuberance of cream that does it, like the exuberance of oil and water, also the exercise given the skin.

Dob a hefty lump of cream on either cheek, just below the eyes. Place your thumbs on it with your fingers down next the nose, pull these fingers out towards the thumb, lifting the cheek between them and working it out towards the ears with a quick, light pinching. Slap another lump on the chin and with thumbs underneath lift the chin between fingers and thumb and mould it, still pinching. Work on the temples with more cream, smoothing out frown or tram lines.

Now, quantities of astringent. And instead of wiping the face across, wipe upwards. Keep on until the lotion almost bites. Don't put on new make-up until you feel the tonic tingle.

White Wool, Gold Jewellery

Add Up To Elegance, But The Pattern's Easy

MATERIALS

8 oz. La Laine 3-ply wool; press studs; a pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 20½ ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT alike

Cast on 126 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work all K. for 8 rows. Now change to following pat.:

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2; repeat from * to end, ending K. 2. **2nd row.**—K. the p. sts. and p. the k. sts. of previous row, as in stocking st. **3rd row.**—K. 2, p. 2, * k. 4, p. 2; repeat from *, ending p. 2, k. 2. **4th row.**—As 2nd. Repeat these 4 rows once more, making 8 rows. Then work 1st and 2nd again. **11th row.**—* P. 2, k. 2; repeat from *, ending p. 2. **12th row.**—As 2nd. **13th row.**—As 3rd. **14th row.**—As 2nd. Repeat these last 4 rows (11th to 14th) once more, then 11th and 12th again. These 20 rows form the pat.

Nigger, Grey and Yellow Sweater

Changing Plys For The Loose Stripes

MATERIALS

3 oz. nigger 4-ply; 5 oz. grey 4-ply; 1 oz. yellow 3-ply; a pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18½ ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Cast on 104 sts. with grey. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 16 rows. Now join in yellow wool, leave grey hanging, and work as follows: push needle in as if to K., wind wool round both points of needle at once, then round one point to finish st. in usual way. S. off both loops.

2nd row.—Rib with yellow. Now repeat grey, and continue in this manner. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of first grey (Continued on page 71)

The side which shows two ribs is right side. After 2 ins. of patt. have been worked (not counting 8 k. rows), change to No. 11 needles and work 3 ins. Now change to No. 9 needles again and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 138 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 8 ins. round curve. Work k. every row now, and cast off 7 sts. at beg. of 8 rows, leaving 48 sts. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work 8 rows k. Now change to patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 21st row and every 4th row after, until there are 72 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 17 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 84 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pick up 28 sts. along one front shoulder with No. 11 needles and work 6 rows k. Cast off. Sew up other shoulder, and side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Pad shoulders. Sew press studs to open shoulder.

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; s.=slip; m.=make; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; patt.=pattern; in.=inch or inches

How To Get Your Stripes

It's Simple, Just Crochet Up The Rib

MATERIALS

8 oz. Ramada, 4-ply, in air force blue; 1 oz. navy blue; 1 pair No. 10 and No. 12 needles; 1 medium crochet hook; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins.; across underarm, 17 ins.; sleeve from shoulder, 10½ ins..

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 116 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue as follows: **1st row.**—* K. 6, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2; rep. from * to last 6 sts., k. 6. **2nd row.**—P. These 2 rows make the patt. Work 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row following, until 96 sts. remain. Work without further shaping, until work measures 5 ins. from the beg. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row following, until 116 sts. again. Continue now until work measures 13 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, continue for 5½ ins. on the remaining 92 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 12, work 40 sts. Continue on each set of 40 sts. for 1½ ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 rows.

BACK

Continue exactly as for the front, until 3½ ins. after the armhole shaping. *Then divide the sts. for the back opening.* Work on the first 46 sts., keeping 3 sts. at the neck edge, in plain knitting, for 3 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 16 at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for ½ in. on the remaining sts., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER AS FOR FRONT

Return to the other 46 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts., rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and patt., and work 5 ins. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row, until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE STRIPES

With navy wool pick up the k. sts. in between the ribs, starting from lower edge, and chain st. up to the top. Rep. this on every rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at the top. Sew on neck edging. Make 3 loops at back opening for buttons.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in., cast off in rib.

ON DUTY— AND OFF

IT is nice to see women properly dressed again in the evening, and to be able to go out in London and—as I write—to find plenty of night life once more. The number of women wearing dinner frocks seems to increase night by night, and at the Dorchester, the Savoy and the May Fair they wear afternoon dresses or dinner frocks and you feel a little out of place if you are wearing a hat. True, we are not yet as dressy as the provincial towns but still we are not doing so badly. It's a curious fact that the more trouble women take about their clothes, their hair and their make-up, the more they enjoy themselves, and though we as a nation take our night life rather sadly in peace time we certainly enjoy every form of gaiety that comes our way during war. Although we went through a very dull period there is no longer any excuse to be bored in London now. All the hotels are brimful. You can dine and dance in the very large Shelter Restaurant at the May Fair and have all the fun of a late cabaret. The River Room at the Savoy is much smaller than the upstairs Restaurant but, if anything, gayer in these days. The Shelter Restaurant at Grosvenor House is used more as a grill, although there is dancing there. People do not seem to dress so much. The Dorchester is as full of well-known people as the old Embassy Club used to be in the heyday of Luigi. The Players' Theatre is absolutely packed and Hatchett's must remind itself very much of the last war. In fact, if you can't enjoy yourself in London you must indeed be a poor prune.

By JANE GORDON

OFF DUTY

AS it happened, I was feeling rather pleased with myself that evening for I had been tidied up from top to toe and enjoyed the luxury of a shampoo and set, as well as a face treatment, manicure and pedicure. We sipped our sherry to the rather noisy accompaniment of gunfire, and once or twice I remarked that I really must go upstairs to take a bath and get changed for dinner.

All at once the front door bell rang violently and somebody banged the knocker as if determined to batter down the front door. We both jumped up in a towering rage, flung open the door to find one soldier and two little men dancing up and down on the doorstep, waving their arms and shouting, "Your house is on fire—your top floor is blazing," and, at precisely that moment the electric light quietly faded out for sixteen hours.

We galloped upstairs. There was a loud explosion. I discovered my bedroom ceiling strewn around the floor; the room above crackled and blazed away merrily. Torches and candles were produced. I flung a bucket of sand somewhere in the direction of the flames, only to discover that after fourteen months it had caked and so landed in a neat little castle just inside the door. For fifteen minutes we enacted a kind of knockabout turn worthy of Laurel and Hardy with a stirrup pump, buckets of water and sand, and by the time we had subdued the fire the house reminded me of that famous hymn "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," and the housemaid remarked cheerfully, "Well, madam, we've been christened at last."

This firework display taught me several things: (1) If you have buckets of sand placed about your house, stir up the sand every now and then so that it does not cake. (2) In order to fit a candle into a candlestick or bottle its non-business end has to be slightly shaved. When your house is on fire you have no time for this refinement, so that it is better done beforehand. (3) When the representatives of the Third Reich seem intent on producing a Fifth of November party, half fill your baths with water because if the fire brigade has a real job to do nearby you may find that your own water supply runs low.

IT is extraordinary how dirty you can get when your house is on fire. Later on that night my head felt so sore that I brushed my hair for a good five minutes. The result of this brushing was that the bristles acquired a sooty blackness for at least half an inch from their tips. At the same time I caught sight of my face in the glass and even by the flickering candlelight it looked unattractively grubby. Two days later a sprinkling of tiny blackheads appeared. Two of the manicured finger nails were damaged, and in order to restore my morale I had to make an appointment for another shampoo, set, manicure and face treatment. (Continued on page 71)

ON DUTY

IT is not going to do women a lot of harm if they find corsets hard to come by. Rationed petrol put women on their feet again and rationed corsets will force them to take a little more care of their own figures. A woman's figure, whether good or bad, depends a great deal on the way she holds herself and the way she walks.

The breathing exercise which teaches you to breathe correctly all the time is more important than any other exercise. Correct breathing not only improves the posture but keeps the chest properly expanded and the stomach and abdomen muscles toned. The best exercise for this purpose is the one that is recommended by Cortlandt MacMahon, who is a very great expert on this subject.

The exercise can be done either lying in bed or lying on the floor. In either case there should be enough firm cushions to support the body at an angle of forty-five degrees. Lie straight, with your shoulders well back, hands placed on the sides of your lower ribs.

Breathe through your nose and you will feel your lower ribs expanding strongly.

Keep your upper chest as still as possible.

When you have expanded your lower ribs as fully as you can, breathe out through the mouth. Do this eighteen times.

Next, breathe in three distinct movements, expanding the lower ribs with each breath.

Let the breath out by contracting the abdominal wall inwards. Do this eighteen times.

After a time you will find yourself breathing correctly all the time, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your intake of oxygen is being (Continued on page 70)

How To Acquire...

The Grace of a Cat

S-t-r-e-t-c-h like one, slowly, luxuriously, when you wake.

Whenever you remember it, make yourself taller. Raising your arms above your head reach up and up, as though you were trying to touch a line beyond your grasp. Feel the pull. Relax, and let your arms fall forward and down until your fingers almost touch your toes.

Learn to relax. Watch any cat settling down to sleep by the fire. Every part of its body is completely limp. It instinctively lies so that its limbs are subjected to no strain. That faintly insolent catwalk is possible only because it has complete muscle control and perfect balance. It offsets this discipline by frequently cat-napping, in blessed abandonment.

No Hips like a Snake

Most contours are coarsened by thick flanks rather than by fat hips. Hip shrugging is the remedy. Lie on your back on the floor, with a small pillow under your head. Draw your left leg up, keeping it flat, so that the whole hip is pushed up several inches. Let the leg go back to its natural position, and then shrug the other hip. Repeat six times.

A snake presumably rubs off any surplus inches. Set about doing the same. Lie flat on the floor, with your arms out at right angles from the shoulders, and your legs well apart. Bring your right foot over and up until it almost touches your left hand. Swing your right leg back, and carry your left leg over and up to your right hand. Repeat six times.

Eyelashes like a Camel

They are thick, riotously luxuriant. Learn first to make the most of what you have got. A very fine line drawn with a soft eyebrow pencil right up against the roots of the lashes will double the effect of your mascara. Brush on your mascara neatly with light, long strokes.

At night remove your eyeblack and well brush your lashes with a good eyelash grower. The actual brushing has a remarkably stimulating effect.

If you live in the country and can go without eyeblack for occasional spells give your lashes a rest, but with a fine brush apply a little castor oil to them night and morning. It is a good substitute for a special eyelash grower.

Hair like a Raven's Wing

It does not have to be black either. The beauty of a raven's wing lies in its gleam and its exquisite sleekness. Again, brushing is the secret, but brushing that follows on massage. Comb your hair out lightly, so that the air can get at your scalp. Then, with your fingers and thumbs well apart, use both hands and move your scalp backwards and forwards, up and down, until the scalp feels loose.

Take your brush and, with long, sweeping strokes, brush it in all directions. It will not spoil your set, even though it seems drastic. Use a little brilliantine.

Once a week, if your hair is dry, less frequently if it is inclined to be oily, divide the hair with your comb and massage warm olive oil into your scalp, applying it with small pieces of cotton wool. Shampoo it next morning.

Teeth like a Dog

Use them. Do not let them get soft because they have no real work to do. Get your teeth into something hard, like rusks or crusts or an apple. Try gnawing a bone. Do not eat too many sweets or too much toffee.

Visit your dentist at least twice a year, and have your teeth scaled whenever necessary. If they are discoloured by smoking, add a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen to the water in your toothglass. Every other day massage your gums with a little common salt. Use a toothpick intelligently—not as though it were a mechanical shovel.

If there are spaces between your teeth use dental floss night and morning. Keep your mouth sweet and clean by using a good mouth wash immediately after cleaning your teeth.

A Voice like a Thrush

The sweetness, the clearness, the exquisite timbre of a thrush's voice are gifts from God, but at least, if you have them not, you can modulate your voice and make it pleasing. Nor is a low voice the only thing that is good. Warmth and sympathy and a lively variation of tones can give life to the dullest of sentences.

Let everything you say sound spontaneous. Avoid clichés, and learn to give words their right value. Never try to shout anybody down, and never mumble. Speak clearly — not carefully. Read poetry aloud, alone in your room if you like.

Use your voice for what it is—an exquisitely sensitive instrument that can express, without the aid of vision, every human emotion.

NOT THE WOMEN THEY WERE

By Vere Denning

Helena used to be a successful business woman. She worked in a centrally heated office, lived in a centrally heated flat. War changes most things. Helena is a V.A.D. now, in a short-sleeved cotton uniform. She stands from morning till night and her hair is protesting at living in a closely fitting cap.

Helena has learned, now, how to cope with three problems. To keep warm, she wears a man's vest under her dress. It has a high button up neck and short sleeves. Not very alluring, but far warmer than an opera-top, and beautifully cheap. Helena's pants are made of red flannel. They are slickly cut, edged with broderie anglaise, slotted with red satin ribbon which draws the legs up snugly. They are preposterous enough to be amusing. To cherish her aching feet, Helena has learned these tricks. In a bath, she scrubs them hard with a nailbrush, no matter how they throb. Then she turns the cold tap full tilt on her feet.

When there is an opportunity, she lies on her back with her shoes off and her feet stretching straight up a wall for five minutes. Incipient callouses get rubbed off with pumice stone after the bath, and every now and then she gives her feet a friction with surgical spirit or eau-de-Cologne.

Helena counteracts listless hair by extra brushing, and by taking about an inch of hair at a time and tugging on the roots.

Middle-aged Mrs. Smith used to be buried in the country, busy with her dogs, her bee-keeping and her women's institute. For an occasional festivity she wore a low-cut black georgette dress and a small string of pearls. Good but dull, like her rare dinner parties, which she agonised over.

Now she finds that her buried house is close to an aerodrome and a regiment of gunners, and every house gives frequent impromptu parties for officers and men. She would like to do the same, but feels too plain, badly dressed and dull.

Come, come, Mrs. Smith. This is your chance to snap out of the settled ways that are putting years on your life and looks.

Treat yourself to a new hair-do, brushed up and away from your face.

Buy a reviving face mask to use at home.

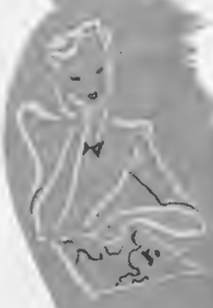
Use make-up a little more than you do, but don't necessarily use more make-up. If you are still using the cosmetics you liked ten years ago, beware. Your skin tone has changed and so should they.

Learn to ask people to your house informally, without fretting about how to entertain them or what to give them to eat.

When you provide food, make it some simple dish which you can do superlatively well, rather than a treat which doesn't quite come off.

For parties get a long-sleeved draped dinner dress in woollen jersey. You'll be warm and look nice, without being overdressed if half the party is in tweeds.

Take yourself in hand. Study world affairs intelligently, with a map. Read books on current topics, representing widely different viewpoints.



Daphne is in her late twenties. She married three years ago and adored running her small, elegant house.

She and her husband both liked food and used to dine out a good deal or have excellent meals at home, prepared by their devoted cook. Daphne liked clothes, and spent quite a lot of time with her "little woman."

Now, Daphne's Phillip is in the Air Force and she lives in furnished rooms, close to his headquarters. Her clothes live in a suitcase and damp cupboards. Her days, deprived of the domesticities she used to enjoy, were yawning abysses of boredom.

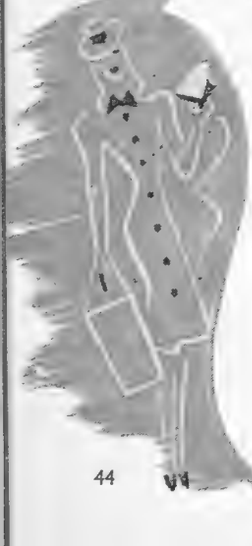
First, Daphne reorganised her clothes to take in nothing that needed careful treatment. She bought an enormous camelhair top coat which can, at a pinch, be used as an extra blanket without crushing. She invested in a matching camel short jacket and a couple of Gor-ray pleated skirts which pack without coming out of pleat. She has a Viyella shirt dress because it is warm and washable, one short dress for cocktail dates, and one woollen dinner dress which she tricks up with different bits for parties.

Since furnished rooms are invariably cold, she has taken to warm nightdresses, made of rose-sprigged rayon and wool material, high-necked, long-sleeved and ravishingly pretty.

For fun, she has learned to cook.

More painfully, she is learning to sew.

For packing, she uses dozens of bags and sachets which she makes herself. She travels with a universal voltage electric iron.



Daphne, like our business woman and country mouse, is not the woman she was, but the new version is pretty good, too.

Keeping Face

There are many ways of hiding the damage caused by worry, fatigue, and general war conditions. Paleness, shadowed eyes, greyish skin, drawn lips, or a slapdash untidiness, are signs of defeat. Fight them. You must keep face. There are remedies for these conditions, of course, treatments that you should follow to prevent them getting worse—but here we only deal with your camouflage. Even if it necessitates spending a little extra time on your make-up, know that a cheerful face will put heart into your own and your compatriots' war effort

SKIN is the canvas on which your beauty becomes a masterpiece if you are clever; but have a care that your make-up foundation improves the condition, as well as the appearance of your skin. For instance, if you have a dry skin, Gladys Cooper's Foundation Skin Food will nourish the tissues while acting as the perfect powder base. If you suffer with a greasy skin, always slap the face with a pressed-out wad of water-and-astringent-soaked cotton wool before applying any make-up; and use a fine foundation lotion rather than some heavy concealing preparation. Any attempt to bury greasiness beneath a heavy make-up only aggravates the condition. Have two different types of foundation and alternate them, you may find that your skin takes both better, in this way. If you have acne, use Arden's Acne Lotion as a foundation—it comes in all powder shades.

Having decided on the type of foundation, you must now choose your colouring, and psychology dictates that a warm glowing skin is the best choice. Rouge is more easily applied on a darker foundation, and a trace of rouge can lift tiredness right out of your face. The best rule for rouge placing is to make your own rule. Experiment with your face and decide on the best position for your rouge, then stick to it. There are certain rules—a touch of rouge on the chin shortens the face; no rouge should overlap an imaginary line drawn from centre eye to mouth corner; but most of the old-fashioned rouge rules are an endeavour to make all faces look pleasantly oval. Nowadays, faces have their own characteristic attractions, which must be emphasised rather than hidden; the two rules given above are the ones that hold for all faces still. Always use only the faintest blush of rouge and make sure, by a hand profile-giving mirror, that the side edges are not hard. Use a lighter powder for your neck, and, if you have a large nose, a darker powder for that feature.

MOUTH The last few years lipstick has been applied as colour relief, planned to match nails, accessories, and clothes. Now lips take their right perspective. If you have lovely lips, let them stand out with a softly vivid lipstick, nothing blatant or crude, but vital, and well defined. If you have large appealing eyes, keep your lip appeal down, use a quiet rich shade such as Pond's Medium, and let your lips merge into your face. If your lips are inclined to crack, use Vinolia or a soothing white salve first.

Always apply the lipstick carefully to the centre of your lips, top and bottom, and then extend the colouring to the corners with your little fingertip. With a lip pencil you can remedy most of the mistakes of nature, making large lips smaller, small lips larger, upper lips larger or lower lips more softly rounded. If you find it difficult to get a pencil, use a fine camel paint brush and dip it in the odd-end bits of lipstick for the outline, but make sure that the colours blend. Last year we put on a lot and then lipped it off on blotting paper to prevent that awful jammy look. This year we apply it more frugally.

HAIR Can be glamorous and yet kept tidy. If you have hair that keeps in place you are lucky. So many people haven't, and seem to think that times of stress or a country-life existence entitles them to reckless abandon as far as hair is concerned. This is foolish; your hair should always look, at the very least, well cared for. Some styles hold easily, and look smart. A neat back roll extending up to behind the ears, with short curled hair in front; a legal black-bow-trimmed back with rolls softly pinned in front; a large roll, across the front and sides, pinned securely, while the back is tied or rolled; a long bob, snood held—these are but a few. If you think these styles too fussy, have your hair cut short and keep it frothily clean with a good soapless (Continued on page 72)

Casserole it.

Garden Hot-pot

Music-hall wives smite music-hall spouses with rolling-pins and with frying-pans, yet never with casseroles. But, in fact, the casserole is the most powerful weapon on the kitchen front.

Under its lid, a meal looks after itself, and positively enjoys long waiting and slow cooking. It is equally happy in the oven and on top of the stove.

Just one reminder—pay some attention to the colour and arrangement of the food thus accommodatingly cooked. A casserole dish is certainly useful, particularly when, as in the recipes on these pages, it is a meal in itself, giving you an entrée and two vegetables with no saucepans to wash up. Let it be ornamental, too.

Sweetbreads Marianne. ½ lb. sweetbreads, 1½ lb. potatoes, 1½ lb. carrots, ½ pint brown gravy or sauce, salt and pepper.

Prepare sweetbreads; blanch, and remove skin. Grease a casserole, and put them in the centre. Pour over the thick brown gravy or sauce and season with salt and pepper. Round the sweetbreads make a border of diced carrots. Round the carrots make a border of the potatoes, cut into convenient shapes. Cook for two and a half to three hours in a slow oven. (Regulo Mark 2.)

Tripe without Onions. 1 lb. tripe, ½ swede turnip, 2 carrots, 1 small head celery, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, salt and pepper, nutmeg, parsley.

Cut the tripe in pieces 1½ in. square. Prepare and slice carrots and turnip; wash celery, and cut it into small pieces. Grease the casserole. Put in a layer of tripe, and then alternate layers of carrot and turnip; then add the rest of the tripe and more layers of vegetables. Fill the casserole to the top, putting salt and pepper between each layer. On the top put a sprinkling of nutmeg and chopped parsley. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar and a very little water. Cook very slowly for three hours. (Regulo Mark 2.)

Country Rabbit. 1 rabbit, ½ swede, ½ pint stock or water, 1½ lb. potatoes, chopped parsley, seasoning.

Prepare the casserole by melting a small piece of dripping in the bottom of the dish. Peel the swede and potatoes, and cut them into pieces roughly 2½ in. long by 1 in. The rabbit may be used either whole or in joints. Put it in the centre of the casserole, and round the meat put the pieces of swede and potato. Add the stock, parsley, salt, pepper. Cook slowly for three hours. (Regulo Mark 3.)

Scotch Casserole. 1½ lb. breast of mutton, a little dripping, 1 leek, 6 potatoes (medium size), 1 cabbage, seasoning.

Melt fat in casserole, and fry the meat in it. Add the leek, cut up. Put on the lid and cook gently for an hour. Then add cabbage, sliced lengthwise, and the potatoes, cut in chunks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put on the lid again, and cook an hour more. Keep an eye on the dish to see it does not burn. (Regulo Mark 5.)

Mutton with Prunes. 1½ lb. mutton (neck), 1 large leek (cut up), flour, 1 oz. dripping, 2 lb. potatoes, 8 prunes (soaked), water or stock, salt and pepper.

Cut up the meat, reserving fat for making into dripping. Put 1 oz. dripping in the casserole and when smoking hot cook mutton till brown. Add leek and brown lightly. Season, sprinkle with flour and add enough stock or water to cover. Bring to simmering point, and skim.

Cut the peeled potatoes into quarters and add them to the above. Cook for an hour with the lid on; put in the prunes and cook an hour more. (Regulo Mark 3.) (Continued on page 74)

Sausages In A Blanket

For Lunch or Supper

by Harriet Muir

Fish Scallops

A light meal of the lunch or supper order is more difficult to contrive in war conditions than something more solid and substantial. For one thing, we have to go slow on eggs—a fact which puts a lot of intriguing possibilities right out of the game. And those odd bits of tinned nonsense, such as pimento and sweetcorn, are no longer with us.

Maybe, however, these recipes will save you a headache. Note, please, that due attention is given to soup made with the water in which vegetables are cooked. I have no wish to be a vitamin bore, but that soup will be full of them.

Curry Soup. 1 small leek, 1 tablespoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls curry powder, ½ pint vegetable water, ½ pint water, 1 Oxo, a little dripping, pepper.

Chop the leek and fry in dripping. Stir in flour and curry powder. Cook five minutes. Add vegetable liquid, water and the Oxo cube, with a little pepper. Stir until cube dissolves and soup thickens. Simmer five minutes, and serve with sippets of toast.

Macaroni Broth. 3 oz. macaroni, 1 pint water, 1 pint vegetable water, 2 Oxo cubes, grated cheese, pepper.

Break up macaroni into very small pieces and boil ten minutes in unsalted water. Add vegetable liquid and Oxo cubes. Stir until cubes are dissolved. Simmer ten minutes. Season with pepper. Sprinkle a teaspoonful of grated cheese into each cup when serving.

Instead of Bacon. The Ministry of Food rations our bacon; it also suggests ways and means of supplementing our meagre allowance. This dodge, for instance, was thought up by one of its women cookery experts.

Get two breasts of lamb; have them boned. Cook with a little well-flavoured stock in a lidded pan or casserole (allow twenty-five minutes to the pound). The pieces of meat should be placed in the pan sandwichwise, one on top of the other. Press this "sandwich" between two plates, with a weight on top, overnight.

It can either be eaten cold, or sliced, dipped in milk and toasted oatmeal, and fried like bacon. (Regulo Mark 5.)

Mock Cutlets. ¼ lb. cold meat, 2 oz. rice, 1 oz. margarine, 1 oz. breadcrumbs, H.P. sauce, seasoning, stock, milk, fat for frying, parsley, macaroni.

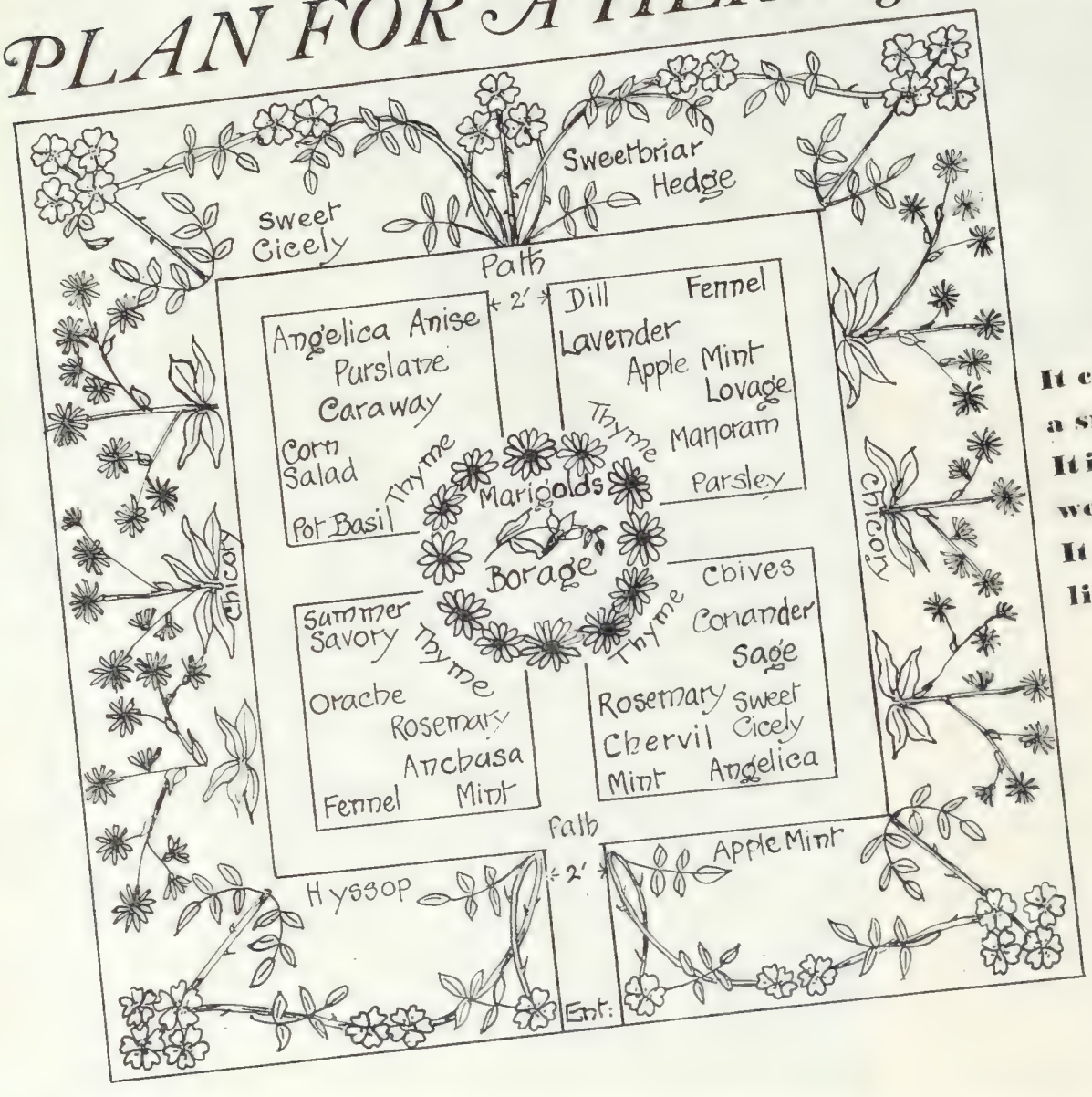
Cook the rice in plenty of fast-boiling water; drain. Put the meat through the mincer, and mix with the rice. Add a dash of H.P. sauce, salt and pepper, margarine and breadcrumbs. Beat well together to make a paste, adding a little stock if too dry. Allow to cool. Now divide into portions and shape each into cutlet form. Dip in milk and then in breadcrumbs; in the end of each put a piece of macaroni. Fry in deep fat; serve with fried parsley round.

Serve with this salad: Chopped celery heart piled on a bed of watercress and surrounded by heaps of grated beetroot and grated carrot (both raw).

Savoury Batter. 4 tablespoonfuls left-over meat or poultry, 1 teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, 2 good pinches of mixed herbs, 3 spring onions chopped finely, seasoning, ¼ lb. flour, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, dripping.

Make a batter by mixing the flour, egg and milk with a seasoning of salt and pepper. Beat till smooth and let stand thirty minutes. Add meat, parsley, herbs, onions. In a baking tin melt a little dripping, pour in the batter and bake about half an hour in a fairly hot oven. (Regulo Mark 6.) (Continued on page 74)

PLAN FOR A HERB GARDEN



It can be made in a small space . . . It is decorative as well as useful . . . It requires very little attention

It is possible to make a garden of culinary herbs in quite a small space. Even in houses where herbs are as much in demand as they were in the days when farmhouse cooking was noted for its excellence, a garden only ten feet by ten feet should provide quite an adequate supply. The illustration shows a herb garden thirty-two feet by thirty-two feet.

Fortunately the herbs which require a good deal of space—lavender and rosemary for instance—are just those of which only a leaf or so is required at a time. Lavender and rosemary are not regarded by many people as culinary herbs, but just a leaf or two added to a soup or stew is excellent.

Then again two bushes of fennel kept clipped to within a foot of the ground are sufficient for any but very large households. Fennel sauce is a pleasant change from parsley sauce and you only need three of those feathery leaves at a time. Fennel produces new leaves in abundance all through the season. Alecost, sweet cicely, angelica and lovage in small quantities are excellent additions to a salad, but only a leaf snipped up finely is sufficient for a salad for eight people.

To my thinking, the best way of growing a good number of the most useful herbs is to make a herb path. With beds only four feet wide on either side, the tallest herbs could be grown at the back, those of medium height in front of them, and all the small herbs making an ornamental edging. At the back of the bed have two plants of the following useful varieties: angelica, rosemary, fennel, anchusa, sweet cicely (the flowers are edible and look effective as a decoration for a salad), alecost, orache (the leaves are crimson and make a pleasant contrast with green salad leaves).

In the second row place three or four plants of balm, dill, hyssop, lavender, borage, rue, sage, winter savory, tansy and tarragon. In the front row put groups of the smallest herbs such as pot marjoram, chervil (French cooks regard this herb as indispensable, yet it is rarely grown in English gardens), basils, chives, dandelion, parsley, coriander, corn salad and the purslanes.

The mint is the only tiresome tribe among herbs. Nothing stops any mint spreading in all directions at a prodigious rate. It is really best to make a separate little plot of them. If you want the best-flavoured mint, grow the old apple mint. This attains about four feet in good soil and is charmingly attractive with its large, rounded soft leaves and pinkish flowers. If you want mint sauce made from fresh leaves a month earlier than any one else, grow mentha sylvestris. It is fit for use weeks before spearmint. In its old age, the leaves of this mint turn greyish and hairy but when only about six inches high, it takes an expert to tell the difference between it and the spearmint commonly used for sauce. The flavour is exactly the same.

With the scarlet of bergamot flowers and the blue flowers of anchusa and borage (all these flowers can be used in salads), the varying shades of green ranging from blue-green of rue to the silver-grey of lavender, the purlish tinges of red sage and the contrasts in the shapes of the plants, a garden of herbs can be most (Continued on page 59)

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

Look out for the new dull rayon Klirsheer stockings in Smoky, Damson and Wine-rose. You'll not pine for silk!

Fashion News by Wolsey

New shades in Wolsey Shirtmakers — Spitfire Red, Desert Tan, Sweet Corn. Marvellous tailoring — American sizes.

1941 Brevets Vests and panties. Miracles of skilful tailoring. Perfect under uniform!

Cocoa makes every meal go further

If you get up in the dark

There's nothing like Bournville Cocoa at supper-time for early workers. They get up full of pep and go. Try it — and smile at your alarm clock.

CADBURYS

Bournville Cocoa

Price now reduced to

5^{D} a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb

9$\frac{1}{2}^{D}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

A CUP OF COCOA is a CUP OF FOOD

that's why 'cocoa makes every meal go further'

Purchase Tactics—

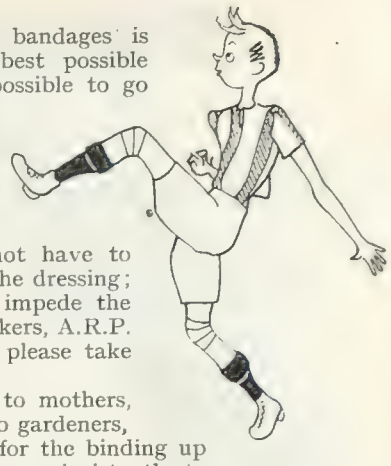
By MARY YOUNG

Of course, you know that hair just dotes on bay leaves (that's what they make the rum from) and now you can get the leaves powdered and mixed with other herbs, like Irish moss, six penn'orth of the fragrance being enough for one shampoo.

Hollywood's gone hot on herbs, and glamorous screen girls use them this way: Put herbs into a muslin bag or fine kerchief. Place in bowl of boiling water. Swirl around and around. Leave to diffuse until cool. Squeeze bag and rub well into scalp. Wash hair in the sweet aromatic water. Yes, they say, do this regularly for a few weeks, and minor scalp troubles will be no more, and how your Woman's Glory will shine.

And if, in the fastness of your chamber, you have had occasion to shed a tear over those first silver streaks among the gold (brown, auburn or black), cry no more, ladies, but simply comb or brush a harmless tint that I know of, through the hair, and your inferiority complex, together with the silver, will disappear.

Badinage about bandages is not, I feel, in the best possible taste, but it is impossible to go to press without passing on news of a notable arrival in this typical topical line. Quite briefly: the bandage is self sealing; fits like a second skin; can be worn over a dressing, yet does not have to be changed when changing the dressing; is acid proof and does not impede the sense of touch (munition workers, A.R.P. workers, and other services, please take note).



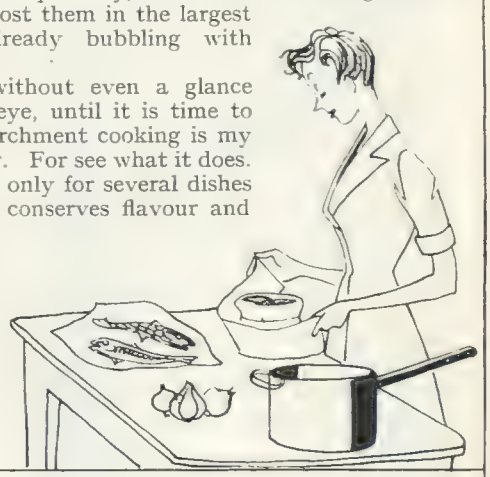
I recommend it specially to mothers, boys' knees, for the use of; to gardeners, plants, for the binding up of; and *very* insistently to varicose vein sufferers, for its comforting support and practical invisibility even under thin stockings.

The Minister of Agriculture tells us that he would like to see more women delving and digging for victory. Well, I don't know about the M. of A.'s friends, but, speaking personally, every other woman I know is garden mental, so he should have no difficulty in getting recruits this summer. That is why I think that you and you and you who read this page, will like to hear about, or will know some woman somewhere who will like to receive a great little tag outfit with which to label her plants.

These garden tags are guaranteed to prevent many a painful awakening. Months after your writing is as clear and fresh as on the day it was done. Tags and pencil were tested for two years before being put on the market. Twenty tags, wires for same, and pencil, come in a neat packet for sixpence.

Come to my cook-house door, girls, and watch me parcel up the dinner, all ready for the pot. First, the joint. More precious than rubies. Next, as pretty a thing in cauliflowers as I ever set eyes on. Last, a cute little suet pud. to fill up any crevices. I wrap each thing up separately, tie them with string, finish with a big bow, and post them in the largest saucepan I own, already bubbling with boiling water.

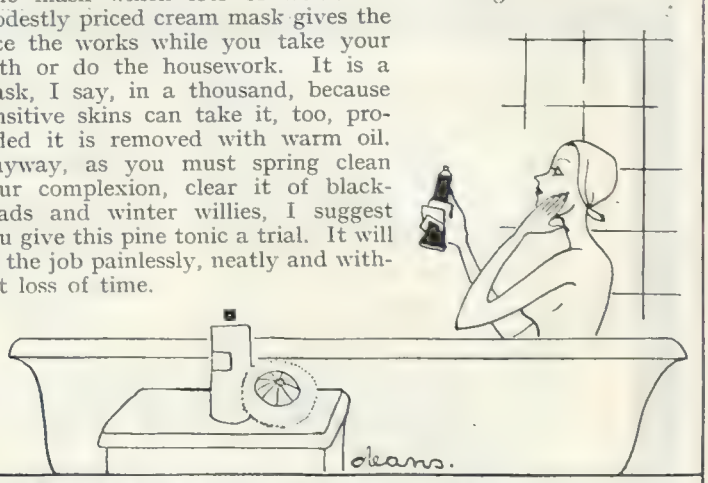
There they stay, without even a glance from the housewife's eye, until it is time to sit down and eat. Parchment cooking is my best wartime discovery. For see what it does. It saves fuel: one pan only for several dishes and varied foods. It conserves flavour and entirely eliminates shrinkage. The parchment I use, however, is something very special. It is tough enough to stand up to washing over and over again, and it is cheap, 2s. 3d. per dozen large sheets.



If you are divorced by the fortunes of war from that clever little woman who runs up your things, why risk spoiling good material and getting a crick in the neck, not to mention brain fever, attempting to cut out and fit yourself, when an expert will do the job for you? If you live or are staying near Reading, I pray you, bus, hike, bike, pilfer your husband's petrol, but somehow convey yourself to the city and avail yourself of this excellent service. They will cut out, tack up and give you a corrective fitting for 3s. The only condition is that you buy the material from the big stocks at your disposal in the store. Fair enough.

Maybe you are under the gay illusion that there is "nothing wrong with my face." And maybe, when the sun comes out one fine February morning, you will find out how wrong you are. If a woman over thirty doesn't look so good in Feb., what is she going to look like when spring is really here?

So while stocks are fairly good, get unto yourselves that new pine mask which lots of women are talking about. This modestly priced cream mask gives the face the works while you take your bath or do the housework. It is a mask, I say, in a thousand, because sensitive skins can take it, too, provided it is removed with warm oil. Anyway, as you must spring clean your complexion, clear it of blackheads and winter willies, I suggest you give this pine tonic a trial. It will do the job painlessly, neatly and without loss of time.



If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve." 32-34 St. Bride Street. London. E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

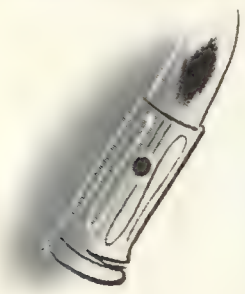
Editorial Endorsement

Embodying facts about diet, feet, permanent waving and lipstick, with special reference to some reputable advertised products

If you were to ask a dozen women which of the cosmetics commonly used that they could least dispense with, ten would say "lipstick."

In the discussions one hears now about the probability of a shortage of cosmetics it is always the loss of lipstick which causes the most concern.

Of all the discoveries designed to make women more attractive none has been more important than the lipstick. It is a psychological fact that lip colouring gives women more poise. More than this, it gives them confidence and pleasure.



Take a woman with a sallow skin, dull hair and little colouring. Touch her lips with red and what happens? Her face is lit, revitalised. Neither powder, rouge, nor any of the other things we use to beautify ourselves have the same power on their own.

This, of course, assumes that the colouring is well used. There is more to the business than merely smearing red on the mouth. The colour is vital. It should be chosen carefully to bring out the colouring and the texture of the complexion.

Lipstick has another function besides beautifying: it nourishes and protects the delicate skin of the mouth. Choose a lipstick that is pure as well as gladdening. **A**

One of the anomalies of modern living is that the food we eat is lacking in so many of the constituents vital to good health and normal development.

In any case, it is doubtful if we could survive the kind of diet which, in a natural state, would provide all the needs of good health. We have lost the art of living naturally and sacrificed some of the best that Nature has to offer in doing so.

Some people try to make up for the deficiences of the civilised food with special diets, but this is an inconvenient way of living.

To boil it all down, the thing which is most often absent from the modern diet, and most sadly missed, is vitamin B. This is the element responsible for promoting growth and for protecting the system from infection. You cannot be a healthy or even a normal person without a sufficiency of vitamin B in the food you eat.

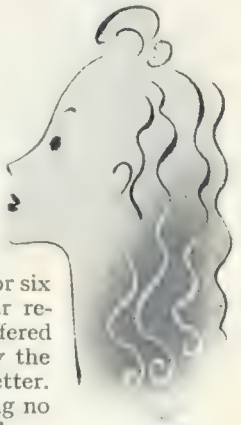
In its natural condition flour contains considerable vitamin B. In its refined state very much less. But fortunately this vitamin can be taken in various easy and palatable forms. By adding regularly one or two items to the menu which are known to contain it you can turn the scale from bad health to good. It sounds simple and too good to be true but the fact remains that scientific and medical opinion assure us that it is so. **B**

It almost goes without saying that you cannot be well groomed, however costly or well chosen your clothes may be, unless your feet are well shod. It is just as important to wear attractive shoes as to have the right hat.

Even more important than appearance is the health and economy aspect. Doctors say that much illness has its beginning in the effects of ill-fitting shoes. These can throw the body out of proper balance. Although this may sound trifling, it is often responsible for more than local troubles such as internal displacements, muscular weakness, bad circulation and constant fatigue.

Good shoes are expensive but they are a luxury that pays. They ensure foot health. They last twice as long as cheaper ones and in their old age they still have something. **C**

Twenty years ago if you happened to have been born with straight hair you were in a pretty bad way. To-day it is no exaggeration to say that you can almost be glad you were.



The point is that, lovely and becoming as naturally curling hair is, it is not always quite so amenable as the variety which curls by persuasion.

Permanent waving has come a long way since the time when you sat for five or six hours in the hands of somebody not far removed from a medieval torturer. We suffered a lot to be curly at one time but to-day the suffering doesn't exist and the curls are better.

More important still, permanent waving no longer injures the hair. It is true cheap perms, administered by inexperienced operators, do harm the hair. It takes a scientific knowledge of hair to produce without any harmful effect the soft and natural waves that we all want.

It is generally thought that heat is harmful to the hair. The truth is that the heat used in permanent waving is far less harmful than the solutions which are applied to the hair. It is these that crack and dry the hair unless they are scientifically designed to avoid doing so. Everything—that means the quality of the wave and the safety of the hair—depends upon the kind of stuff that goes into the little sachets which are applied to the hair before the steaming begins.

If you value the long life and the youthful lustre of your hair it is worth making sure that the perm you choose is a good and a safe one. Don't be influenced by price except in so far as the cheapest is bound to be the worst, whatever the hairdresser tells you. **D**

A ***Machines which used to make lipstick cases are now making bullets instead. The Gala people are meeting this situation with resource. A Gala refill fits practically any lipstick case. If yours will not fit your old case, Gala will refund the money. Prices from 2s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. The lipstick is pure and in various shades.***

B ***Shredded Wheat contains in full measure the valuable growth promoting and energy-giving vitamin B which is largely eliminated from white bread. In the form in which it appears in this nourishing and delicious breakfast food it is easily assimilated and easily digested. The bran content of Shredded Wheat also exercises a gentle regulating effect upon the system.***

C ***Elegant women, eyes on economy, are putting Phillips Stick-a-Soles and rubber heels on their shoes. They are so wafer thin that it is impossible to detect them. They ensure that your feet keep dry and warm in cold weather. They last indefinitely, so that repairs, which are so often responsible for destroying the neatness and the shape of a shoe, are dispensed with.***

D ***For comfort allied to safety and excellent results, you cannot do better now than the Jamal machineless permanent wave. This system requires no wires, no fixture, no tedious sitting with your head strung up. The remarkable little Jamal sachets are quickly attached to the head by an easy process. There is none of that hot discomfort. You are free to move about the room while the wave is in process of making. The hair, when it emerges from the Jamal system, is lustrous, soft and natural. There are no ill effects and the perm lasts.***

PRESENT-DAY PORTRAIT

Light, lissom and youthful—with a face that owes its charm less to perfect regularity of features than to the beauty of her colouring and the sparkle and intelligence of wide-set eyes — she's a present-day woman of the world, a modern leader . . . Many are the jobs she does: but she talks of them seldom. Many the pleasures she has gladly given up. But one pleasure (also a duty) she finds that she can still afford: a few minutes devoted every morning and evening to Cleansing, Toning, Nourishing with Elizabeth Arden's Essential Preparations. She uses Elizabeth Arden preparations because she has always done so and has proved their purity and complete effectiveness. To ask for 'Elizabeth Arden' is implicit in her whole creed of intelligent and graceful living.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

elements he obtained in four years so great a following in men and horses as to make it dangerous for anyone even to attempt an assault. In the nomadic life, horses are the principal asset and it was usual to have as many as five or six to every man. Rapidity of movement usually proved the decisive factor of success, whether in attack or defence; and it was also an essential in the occasional periods of peace.

The land ruled by this seventeen year old war-lord was most fertile. Water was abundant and game plentiful. It stretched from Lake Baikal towards the east of the range of mountains known as the Khingan on the border of modern Manchukuo. This coveted territory was a permanent temptation to the cupidity of others.

During all this time, Temujin had never ceased to think of his little bride to be, who, in his memory, was still but a child of nine. Pride had prevented him from appealing to her father for help. He wished to appear in the eyes of his future father-in-law as an ally and not a beggar. This ambition had sustained him throughout, and had enabled him to overcome both moral and material tortures which would have broken many a strong man. At seventeen he already possessed the sagacity of an experienced general, and the battles he had fought and won made him feel sure enough of his credentials to approach the father of Bourtai and ask permission to make her his wife.

CLAD in a tunic of embroidered felt, he arrived at the "yurt" of his future father-in-law. There, to his surprise, he beheld a well-developed girl of thirteen, totally different from the child whose picture Temujin had carried so long in his heart. The bud of promise had become a flower of beauty, and he could scarcely believe the miracle which time had wrought. His heart, whose even beat had never varied even in the most terrifying circumstances, now quickened into tumult and rendered speech difficult. Bourtai's emotion was not less violent than his. She was astonished how much a man her youthful hero had become. Under the best auspices the marriage took place at once. The marriage rites of the Mongols were barbaric and unusual. Even when they took place with the full consent and joy of both families, the bride had to be carried off in the midst of a mock battle. No one distinguished himself more in the spectacle than Temujin. He had travelled to fetch his bride accompanied by seven hundred horsemen, fiery looking creatures dressed in sheepskins, tanned leather jackets and barbarously painted leather breastplates. Their high-boned faces were protected from the cold and wind by a coating of grease. All took part in the orgy of eating, drinking and merry-making. Then, after the bride in her dress of white felt, braided tresses and jingling metallic ornaments, had been pursued from tent to tent by her bridegroom she was put astride the saddle of one of his best ponies, and all accompanied the happy pair back to their little kingdom. This kingdom was later destined to embrace nearly a fifth part of the world.

Time passed by. The loving couple immersed in themselves were oblivious of the black clouds that were gathering on the horizon. Only a few weeks had elapsed when, without warning, a band of barbarians made a fierce onslaught on the happy camp of Temujin. They were the Merkits, the tribe from which his mother, Youlun, had been snatched by Yesukai eighteen years before. The long-nursed feud had, at last, like a smouldering volcano, burst into activity. Punishment was about to fall on the innocent offspring of the Mongolian Helen in revenge for the loss which his father had inflicted on them. There was no time to prepare an effective resistance. The assault was an irresistible charge of maddened horses and men, trampling down everything in its path, while lances, javelins, arrows and flaming torches were hurled into such tents as had withstood the first impact. The scene in the glow of the fires must have been terrifying. The fur robes of the attackers transformed them into bear-like creatures in a fantastic nightmare. Unaware of the cause of the attack Temujin ran from his tent and tried to rally his men into some sort of defence. In doing so, he left unguarded the treasure for which the Merkits had come. Some of the raiders crept in at the back of the tent and carried off the prize—the beloved Bourtai.

Frantic at the discovery of his loss, Temujin felt there was no more reason for resistance. His sole aim was to preserve his life in order that he might use it to rescue her. Armed only with the bow and arrows, he fought his way clear and made off, determined to win her back even though she had fallen into the hands of the devil himself. But this time his task was very difficult and he realised that it could not possibly be achieved with the forces he had at his disposal. Not daring to risk failure, he did what he had scorned to do in previous desperate situations and besought the help of Toghrul Khan, an old friend of his father, and the leader of a powerful tribe. Moved by Temujin's anguish, his youth and determination, he decided to give all the help in his power to this son of Yesukai. Very soon Temujin found himself at the head of a large number of warriors. Half covered by the manes of their wild ponies they galloped over the windy wastes. Temujin at their head felt himself invincible. It was a clear moonlit night. The Siberian wind had swept the sky of cloud and terrestrial vapours. In all directions stretched the flawless expanse of snow.

Coming within sight of the camp they saw the herds of ponies asleep, standing nose to nose in the cold and brilliant moonlight. Fortune favoured them, for so far they had encountered no one who might have warned their enemies of their approach. When the order to charge was given they rushed on to the sleeping camp, taking the Merkits completely by surprise. Temujin, his breathing as fierce as that of a young tiger, stooped over his pony's neck and was the first to leap the ropes encircling the village. As soon as he was in the midst of the tents he reined in his almost uncontrollable steed and with all his strength shouted the beloved name: "*Bourtai—Bourtai.*" His men, like a herd of maddened bulls, were overturning tents and slaying all who offered the least resistance. Temujin's voice rose to a pitch of anxiety as he shouted his wife's name again and again without eliciting any reply. It was not strange that in that pandemonium he should have failed to hear a familiar voice answering his call. Suddenly a slender figure rushed out towards his horse and caught the reins, and he recognised his Bourtai again, safe and sound. In a flash he had dismounted, lifted her in his strong arms and put her on his saddle; then leaping astride again he wheeled round, calling to his followers: "Let us go back, for I have found that which I sought."

And so the raiding party left, retracing their way by their own tracks in the snow. Once out of reach they slackened their horses to an easy pace, the hoofbeats cutting through the snow with muffled rhythm, their harness jingling in the frosty air.

Temujin was whispering sweet things in the ear of his beloved, while she leaned close against his breast. In that frigid northern atmosphere men and horses were steaming with their exertions—a song of victory rose from hundreds of throats, merging with the rhythm of the cavalcade into a symphony of triumph.

There is no rose without a thorn, no joy without some pain and the happiness of our hero had its flaw. It was effaced, though it could not be destroyed by the love he felt for his wife. Bourtai confirmed the suspicion that had so greatly troubled him. Her abduction had been in revenge for the earlier kidnapping of his mother, deliberately planned and carried out as a reprisal. The helpless Bourtai had been forced to become the concubine of a kinsman of the bridegroom who, eighteen years before, had been robbed of Youlun.

When later, Bourtai brought into the world her first son his paternity could not surely be attributed to Temujin. He, however, brought up the child as his own, lavishing upon it all the care and affection of a devoted father. Nor, in the future, did the acquisition of other wives—some of whom he took for political reasons—ever displace Bourtai from her niche in his heart.

Here we may safely conclude with the classic words so rarely applicable to "*Old Tales Re-told*"—*and so they lived happily ever after.* Here should rightly begin the career of Temujin or, as he came to be known, Genghis Khan. The deeds he accomplished are a perpetual source of amazement to historians. They would fill a long book with a victory as the heading of every page.

In the year 1227, at the age of sixty-five, he was stricken by a sudden illness while a battle was still raging round him, and he knew that his end was come. Realising that news of his death would affect the outcome of the fight, he commanded that it be kept secret and that the traffic in and out of his tent should continue as if he were still issuing orders. On being asked: "For how long?" the old warrior answered: "Until the battle is won."

And so the Scourge of God, the mighty man-slayer, the perfect warrior, master of thrones and crowns, Genghis Khan, could still fight even after death.

It is true that he was a barbarian but he loved as strongly as he hated, inspiring loyalty as well as fear, and this glimpse into the dramatic pages of his early history proves that love is a blessing which can steal even into the fierce heart of a tiger.

END

Fixed Post (*Continued from page 9*)

"I'll take a look at the factories first and leave the other job till the end; I ought to go back immediately I've done it—same night if possible."

The man was going to say that he would need two or three days' notice to arrange things, then he remembered that she was not going to get away; as long as she was picked up on the coast it would not matter if there was anything there to meet her.

"Getting details of this invention they have sent over from America won't be easy," she said. "Have you any ideas?"

He decided to help her. "There will be instructors," he said; "they've got to teach the other fellows how to use the thing; and that means notes—or a note-book anyway. It is curious how many people think they are safe as long as they carry things."

"We don't carry things," she said.

"No, but we are not in our own country; you'll have to take something back."

"I'll do that."

"I'll tell you something else to help you. Can you remember names and addresses?"

"I have to."

"Then here are two officers who have just gone down there on a six weeks' course. And this is an hotel where they have a dance on Saturdays."

"Thanks," she said.

He walked with her towards the front door.

"I'll wait till I hear from you," he said, as he drew back the bolt.

She had done her work in the factory towns; a day in each intelligently spent, and then away again before anybody noticed her. Now came the (*Continued on page 56*)

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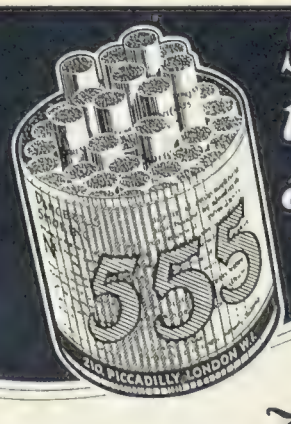

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last task. To carry this through she knew she must have luck. An unusually heavy air raid, stoppage of local leave, the cancellation of the weekly dance, many things might happen.

Nothing did go wrong; the dance began as usual. She drifted in and except that she was as pretty as any in the room, she was unnoticed among the thirty or forty girls, who had come to entertain the troops. Any who did notice her particularly supposed she was one of the R.A.F. officers' friends; she danced with the Royal Air Force all the time. Of one she asked: "Is Squadron Leader —— here to-night?" She did not know him, she said, but she had read about the decoration he had earned.

Squadron Leader —— was pointed out to her. He was tall and slim and daring-looking; that much she decided after looking at him, for the quality of daringness makes a different imprint on the face from the solider gift of courage.

SHE soon won the squadron leader; a flicker of her blue German eyes as she stood at the bar was all that was required. As they danced she snuggled against him, holding her hand inside his arm, the fingers touching his shoulder, palm against his tunic. The first dance only offered opportunity for reconnaissance, but this was satisfactory. When the band played again the lights were lowered. While the squadron leader hugged her closely in the semi-darkness she removed his pocket book and slipped it inside her dress.

"I'm just going to powder my nose, I'll be back. One after next?" she said, when the music stopped.

The next few minutes were dangerous. She had to go to the cloak-room and make sure the pocket book contained notes about the new invention. As the squadron leader was an instructor there was a good chance of this.

Examination with a flash lamp—the lighting in these places was bad since the blackout—told her she had got what she had come for. Now she must leave; she had said she would come back for the dance after the one that was being played. He might have already missed his pocket book; the hunt would begin when he missed both the pocket book and her.

She had worked to a time table and got away by bus. It was the best way for it did not entail taking a ticket until after the bus started and in the blackened streets no one saw who got on.

On reaching London she had to keep going; no hotel would be safe. Between one and two in the morning she knocked at the door of a house in Bloomsbury. A woman, wearing a nun's robes, came to the door; she was about fifty.

"Sister Maureen?" the girl said.

The nun inclined her head. "Who are you, my child?"

The girl opened her bag and took out the R.A.F. officer's pocket book; this she handed to Sister Maureen, who examined the book and handed it back. "Come in," she said.

"Is everything ready?"

"Yes, I have the tickets; the exit permits came yesterday; passports, photographs, everything necessary has been prepared."

They sat talking over a scrap of fire till dawn. The girl wanted to learn all about this woman who was to get her over to the safety of neutral Ireland.

"You really are a nun?" she said.

Sister Maureen lowered her head; it was a trick she had where others would say "yes."

"Then how did our people——" the girl began:

"Get hold of me?"

"Yes."

"Your people are clever in organising their fifth column; they overlook nobody who could be of use to them. It was ten years ago that they first came to me. A man dressed as a priest was the intermediary. I don't know how they knew I would serve. Maybe it was not very difficult to find out in Dublin what had happened to the widows of the Irish rebels. I entered the convent after the English killed my husband. He had blue eyes and dark hair like you; he was only twenty-five—all his life in front of him. I was given my instructions; in 1935 I came over to one of our retreats in England; since then I have gone backwards and forwards. They make no difficulties about my permit. Why should they? A nun does not go out into the world; she walks about her cloisters, seeing and hearing nothing, sometimes thinking of the past. So you see it has been easy for me. It was easy, too, to ask for a permit for one of our young novices to return with me. They gave it without question; it is there on the table; upstairs you will find a dress."

"Can I pass as a nun?" the girl asked.

"Alone you might not, but with me you will be all right; they know me and I often travel with another sister."

"A nun is a pretty well worn stock character for a woman spy," the girl said.

"The most used of all, I believe, and the most successful," Sister Maureen said. "Do you know why? I'll tell you. Men are curiously shy about nuns; in the street they don't look at a nun's face as they would look at another woman's face—just a glance and then they drop their eyes; officials don't like searching nuns; I notice that with the customs people."

"I hope you are right," the girl said.

"Wait till you are dressed like I am; you will see."

The girl was still doubtful. "I haven't got a face like a nun's; I mean——" she stopped embarrassed, as she looked at the purity of the lines of the nose and forehead, beneath Sister Maureen's veil, and her bloodless lips.

"A little soap and water will put that right; you must be especially careful to have no colour on your eyelashes or eyebrows; and keep your mouth well closed; that gives the lips a thinner, more æsthetic line."

THEY were nearing Holyhead, sitting opposite one another in a third-class carriage, two black-robed figures with white bandeaux coming low over their foreheads. The girl sat with her hands folded in her lap; only one thought was in her mind. When the time came to show her papers would she get by?

Sister Maureen was to do the talking; the girl was to stand behind with her eyes upon the ground. Between them they had one modest, shabby little suit case; this contained nothing that mattered. The squadron leader's note-book lay against her skin, tucked inside her belt. Sister Maureen had said, "They don't like searching nuns."

As for the "artist" in his Chelsea studio, he knew nothing of this; she had not told him she had done her work or was ready to go. When she got back to Berlin she would make her report about him and they would decide. Usually only one thing happened to resident agents in foreign countries, who were known to have lost their nerve.

The train came into the station; she looked across at Sister Maureen. No official could have a moment's doubt about that sad, sweet face.

"Remember, I talk to them and show the papers; you keep behind me," Sister Maureen said.

They came to the place of examination; Sister Maureen held their little bag in one hand, in the other their documents.

The official glanced at Sister Maureen, then at her papers, and fixed his stamp.

"These are hers," Sister Maureen said, handing the papers that had been prepared for the girl in Berlin.

The official looked at the girl, one quick glance at the young austerely scrubbed face and colourless, closely pressed lips, and again he pressed down the stamp.

"Thank you," he held out the papers.

Sister Maureen put out her hand, but the official ignored it; he held the papers towards the younger one. "Yours, I think," he said politely.

Now the two emotions that are most difficult to avoid betraying in the features are fear, and relief when that fear has been suddenly dispelled. The girl had passed the first test; she failed at the second. For just an instant, as she held out her hand to take the stamped passport, her face was not that of a young nun going from one convent to another, but of a young girl, radiant at the prospect of liberty.

The official had his orders, though it was only at this moment and to his intense astonishment that he realised the time had come to execute them.

Withholding the papers, he said, "Do you mind removing your veil?"

Sister Maureen stepped forward; she protested; the girl was a young novice; she had been at the convent for a year; she was in her charge.

"I am afraid it is necessary," the official said.

"I won't allow——" Sister Maureen began.

The official made a sign to a man standing behind; a deft move of the hand and the man jerked away the girl's veil.

Sister Maureen's hatred of the English blazed in her eyes; she turned on the man. "So you even insult nuns!"

"A nun!" said the official, looking closely at the parting in the girl's bare head. "Surely, sister, you don't allow them to dye their hair?"

END

War's Spotlight on These Women

(*Continued from page* 11)

Mme Stalin, if one exists. Various newspapers have "married" Hitler to a secretary-type, named, I think, Braun, but we can probably ignore the yarn without missing much of contemporary history. Of Mrs. Churchill it can truthfully be said that without her, we could hardly have benefited from the latest and greatest edition of Winston. Yet she has not emerged as a public character in the war.

Nor did Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, if the former Annie Vere Cole played a larger part behind the scenes than ever we suspected. It was she, as we now know, who spurred her husband to remain in politics when he wanted to quit, and we can only surmise how the hostess of 10 Downing Street shared her husband's cogitations, so heavy with destiny, from the day he took over foreign policy from Mr. Eden to the fateful May session of the House when he appealed to his friends for support. We have here the picture of a charming and intelligent Irish-woman of personality, ambitious on behalf of a husband.

A politician's wife whose intervention had dark consequences was "the beautiful Madame Bonnet." This youngish French-woman of infinite taste and appeal has since been revealed as a Parisian reflection of Roman Edda. Each was the wife of a Foreign Minister, and each fell for Berlin blandishments. But Mme Bonnet added treachery. Countess Edda went openly out for Ribbentrop's policy, with the theatrical young Ciano being careful to respect father-in-law's wishes in the matter. Mme. Bonnet would visit this country as a friend of the Entente while plotting that France should collaborate with Germany after the smallest resistance. She even went out of her way to impress her feelings on Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the Royal visit to Paris in 1938. Yet at that very moment she was thick with Otto Abetz and his French wife. A third woman to combine in the seduction of "pivotal" Parisians was the German Baroness von Einem. Daladier expelled her and the Abetzes, but only when the damage had been irrevocably done. Madame Bonnet remained (*Continued on page* 58)

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—as the wife of the Foreign Minister, and we had best not think of the inmost secrets of policy that were at this crucial stage handed on a salver to Berlin. Bonnet was made a big shareholder in the chief German chemical dye works. Madame's reward was to preside over the most luxurious and "interesting" of *salons*. She was well paired with her sinister husband who had for years intrigued for personal power and wealth; a long-nosed individual as repellent to contemplate as his fellow type, Laval.

The Bonnets are out of the picture to-day. For all its failings, the Pétain regime has tried not to stand for sheer wickedness. Yet we should do well to remember that the Bonnets' benefactor, Abetz, is Hitler's lord-high-everything in France.

THE exact rôle in the collapse of France played by the now legendary Comtesse de Portes remains subject to further checking. But that it was a capital one, allows of no doubt. An attractive and dominant woman of forty-two, the Comtesse began to exercise her spell on Paul Reynaud while he was yet engaged in rescuing French finances back in early 1938. Reynaud liked being a social lion, the pet of "Tout Paris," of Deauville and Cannes, and his Egeria saw that he was duly fêted. "L'Homme du Jour" they used to call him in those days. "The Man of the Day." The Comtesse did a lot towards that, so much so that presently the impressionable Reynaud decided it was time a divorce were arranged with his wife of more than two decades.

Reynaud was sixty and he liked to "relax." Did the Comtesse add to her own domineering presence that of the no less persuasive Baudouin? Such is the belief. No sooner did Reynaud assume the conduct of the war in France than he came to be permanently in the company of these two, a man and woman harder and younger than he, and who steadily preached defeatism in his ears. Reynaud was expected to work hand in glove with Churchill, whom he had always admired. The Comtesse and Baudouin set out to break that likelihood. Their refrain was uniform. When Reynaud, weakening, would protest that he might listen to their counsels when France was beaten, they would reply that France was already beaten; that there was nothing to do but surrender and salve what they could from the wreckage. General de Gaulle was present at one ultimate meeting of all four, when the woman made a scene at the door, refusing to leave Reynaud alone with de Gaulle, who might have succeeded in talking sense into the grinning little Premier who used to be known as "Mickey."

During the terrible week between the flight from Paris and the Bordeaux surrender, the Comtesse and Baudouin hung on to Reynaud until the little fellow, his morale already in bits, gave in to them and resigned. A week later, the fatal lovers were motoring to the Reynaud villa at Cannes when a mysterious road accident supervened. The Comtesse was killed on the spot. Reynaud was taken to hospital. Few believed it was an accident. To-day Reynaud shares the chateau prison of Daladier, Blum and Gamelin.

Hitler may keep women at arm's length, but he has been instrumental in fastening the spotlight of wartime upon several. Nazidom's *merveilleuses* have had to possess good looks, brains, personality and seductiveness. We see the quartet again in operation in the case of Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, the Hungarian who has been shown the door both in England and the United States. Nor can the name of an English girl possibly be omitted. Unity Mitford was the most discussed of her sex in the opening months of the war. She only faded out when, returned on a stretcher to this country, her family made it known that "not for £25,000" would they dream of influencing the girl to tell her story.

Indeed, elements of this war have gone with the wind to such an extent that we are already apt to leave out of count the idol of the B.E.F. No army on active service can ever have hung more on what one woman was going to do or not do than Lord Gort's force depended on Gracie Fields. Would she sing here? Would she sing there? Would she come back from Capri? When? Would she return from America? The only parallel was Elsie Janis and the American Army in France in 1918. But, whereas Elsie finished in triumph in Paris, Gracie married an Italian and regained Hollywood. "A sick woman," claimed her intimates. Yes, but a Britain packed with troops awaiting invasion, perhaps deserved a bigger effort.

Meanwhile there's another woman in America who does all she can for us. The name of Dorothy Thompson will figure near the top in any record of women and their part in this war. Hitler let it be known that he actually knew of the existence of a second woman journalist: Madame Tabouis. Yet however sound the Frenchwoman was in her earlier unravelling of what was coming to us, Miss Thompson has turned out in the end far the more serious proposition for Hitler. It is one thing to use political acumen and pull to foretell events; quite another to rouse and inspire a continent by means of forceful writing and broadcasting aimed at undermining would-be world conquerors. America's leading novelist says he has assumed the label "Dorothy Thompson's husband," and there is substance in the quip. The chief thing about this important woman is that she learnt her job all over post-war Europe, and if she was flung out of Germany at the end, she came to think that way as a result of using her own judgment. A Dorothy Thompson ranks in her own modern way beside a Madame de Staël for the influence she has had on contemporary events in not dissimilar circumstances.

I know the customary criticism will be provoked by this type of article—that it ignores "the women who are really doing the chief work if out of the limelight." Yet how can one name such women when precisely the spotlight has not descended on them?

If to-day there is one exception, the bombing of London brought it about. No story of this country's lone stand will be complete without mention of "Little Ellen the Shelter Queen." Here is another woman to rise to foremost place by virtue of seeking experience in many latitudes outside her own country. In Vienna, in Madrid, in Paris, in Moscow, Miss Wilkinson would be on the spot when major events were shaping, when things were to be learned for the future. As organiser, speaker, writer and politician, this diminutive redhead from Northumbria fills a rôle no other woman in a warring land gives sign of emulating. Irene Ward, sister M.P. in charge of woman-power, comes closest.

SOME may deem it a big drop to an Anna Wolkoff. I disagree. My purpose has been to alight upon women conspicuous in this tremendous if ghastly interlude. Anna Wolkoff may have received "only" ten years, and Mata Hari, death. But the latter was a notoriously indifferent agent. Was the Russian admiral's daughter the like? Able to mingle in London circles well versed with secrets of our struggle and, alas, not the soul of discretion, this refugee "intellectual" thrived on the vanity babble of others. Nor was she working for filthy lucre, but from a long-standing hatred of the Bolshevists. Anna Wolkoff was of the "patriot spy" class who feel they have a mission. As such, they are only the more dangerous; while it was the rottenest of tricks for this well-situated woman to visit anti-Bolshevik sentiments on the country that took her in, gave her sanctuary. Commonest decency should have told her to stand right aside, whatever her sentiments.

I close with one who was impetuously dubbed "the Cavell of 1940," while the Germans had yet to consider carrying out the death sentence passed. Miss Winifred Harle, whatever she did, is a fair enough answer to Madame Bonnet and her kindred Parisiennes. Certainly the Nazis respect her more.

END

War Paint for Your Home

(*Continued from page* 35)

the curtains. Several shades of blue can be introduced in the plan by means of cushions, curtain ties, vases and trimmings for lamp shades.

Many of the loveliest and most arresting colour schemes include more than two main colours. There is no need to tie yourself to two or even three colours. Evidence of this is seen in the lovely room shown in the top picture on page 34. It is true that the exquisite detail of this scheme is largely responsible for its beauty, but without its clever and varied colouring it could not be half so lovely.

The walls are a pastel blue-green, the striped curtains with their unusual draped pelmets are red and white. Much narrower stripes appear on the chair covers, this time in faded purple and white, while the cushions are of dark, rich green. Colour details stand out elsewhere in the room, each one carefully selected and exquisitely toned. Sometimes a vivid note of contrast appears, as in the covering of the stool which is bright purple satin.

In the telling, this scheme loses some of its interest, but in reality nothing could be lovelier. Try mixing unusual colours in your own home. Collect samples of fabrics in varying textures. Try them together. Get your own inspiration. Keep in mind that a knowledge of the constituents of colours can be helpful. For instance, green goes with blue because blue is made up of green and yellow. Purples, prunes and lavender shades go with blue because there is blue in their make-up. Blue-greens go with blue; browns go with peach, apricot and pinks that have brown in their make-up. Yellow goes with green because it is a component of it. All tints—meaning the paler colours—are obtained by diluting basic colours, so that tints can always be used with their basic colours and the components of them.

These are not, of course, hard and fast rules. Some of the loveliest effects have been obtained by breaking colour laws, but for the amateur colourist such elementary knowledge is a useful guide.

Fabrics are perhaps the greatest help of all in choosing and assembling new colour schemes. If you have a neutral background such as cream walls and a fawn carpet, you have only to choose a good colourful fabric for curtains or covers and you have the basis of a colour scheme. Now pick out the more striking colours in the design of the fabric and repeat it in accessories or with a staccato note of colouring here or there and the new scheme is complete.

END

Planning a Herb Garden

(*Continued from page* 48)

decorative, especially if laid out in some sort of design.

I know one garden where there is a herb path with semi-circles laid out in thyme all along and within each semi-circle a different herb is grown. The scalloped effect is fascinating.

Culinary herbs require very little attention. Once planted, shrubs like winter savory and hyssop look after themselves and only need renewing about every ten years.

Annuals like chervil have to be sown in spring and thinned out. Perennials, like alecost and lovage, grow fast, and each year you can, if you wish, split them to give up bits to your friends. They flourish in any garden soil.

In common with most plants, herbs need an occasional dressing of lime. It should be given very lightly once a year, so lightly in fact, that the place should look as though there had been just a sprinkling of snow. But there is always weeding. Not even the magic of herbs will keep out weeds.

END

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Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, LEAMINGTON SPA, Warwickshire

GORAY

"Koneray"

PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

Ship Models (*Continued from page 20*)

colouring and the decoration make up by their gaudiness what they lose by their roughness, but it must be remembered that they were intended to be hung high over the heads of the congregation. The student of naval architecture has to accept them with the greatest reserve, for they were designed to be looked at from a certain angle as they hung suspended from the roof of the church, and therefore they are almost invariably grotesquely out of proportion. In the Protestant countries thousands were ruthlessly destroyed at the time of the Reformation; in Catholic countries they were generally regarded as being of little worth and any number of them appear to have been burned as firewood when they were replaced by newer offerings or fell from their places. In addition to the churches there are still some very fine examples to be seen in the museums of Northern Europe, especially in the bases of the Hanseatic League, but they are now highly prized and the great majority of those in private collections are modern forgeries.

Next in popular esteem come the bone models that were made by the French prisoners of war, particularly those incarcerated on Dartmoor or in Porchester Castle on Portsmouth Harbour, during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. The tools that they were allowed were of the crudest and the material was only the bones of the beef that was served out to them as rations, but the unfortunate prisoners were willing to spend months working on them to avoid the soul-destroying monotony of their captivity, with the result that in the end they were wonderful examples of craftsmanship—every faulty piece having been discarded time and again until it was perfect—and a mass of intricate detail. Finally, they would be exchanged with the contractors for a little tobacco or some small addition to the prisoner's rations.

The workmanship of most of these models is so beautiful that they could only have been made by skilled artists caught in the net of France's conscription, although they may have given out the rougher work to less highly skilled fellow prisoners who were equally anxious to kill time. Often the detail is over elaborate as compared with the real ship and the names attached to them can very seldom be trusted; they were put on to make the model more saleable in nine cases out of ten.

For many years these bone models were very sadly neglected, principally because there were so few modern craftsmen who could repair the ravages of time. The result was that they got into very bad condition and those that can be bought now are seldom unbroken even in the hull. Masts and rigging have almost invariably disappeared entirely. Such a broken hull can often be picked up for from seven to ten pounds, generally in some odd corner of the seaport towns, but when it is restored and perfected it is worth a large sum; when the market is good anything from three to five hundred.

Since the late war, probably ninety per cent of this restoration work in Britain has been done by Mr. Thomas Beaufort, a veteran enthusiast whose efforts really made the popular demand. A keen student of naval architecture since boyhood, at an age when most craftsmen had long retired he worked with an ordinary pair of spectacles and the simplest tools, yet he accurately replaced beautifully carved figureheads and intricate stern galleries, tiny brass guns and the maze of rigging that was carried by the old-time line-of-battleships. For a good many years there was another enthusiast on the old bone models, a retired coastguard who made a living at rigging. Instead of working with one-third of a strand of ordinary sewing silk like Mr. Beaufort, he generally used human hair and his daughter, who had long black hair in pre-shingling days, cordially detested the arrival of another bone model to be restored.

Another great prize for the collector is a specimen of the models that were made to the order of the Admiralty and Navy Board in order to exhibit new designs to officials who could not have understood a detailed scale plan even if the master shipwrights had made one. Any of these which find their way on to the open market must have been stolen from the Government at some time or another, the diarist Pepys starting the game and being a master of it. If he had not possessed the skill and the opportunity it is certain that most of those which are now so highly regarded would have been lost years ago.

There are comparatively few models of line-of-battleships in existence outside the museums and apart from the prisoners' work, but there are numerous fine examples of frigates. The reason of this is that the frigates had far and away the best chance of getting prize money in the old wars and the fortunes of many a family were founded in that way. To have a model made of such a lucky ship, and made with infinite care, is the least that the old naval officers could do.

SHIPS in bottles are a speciality with some collectors, but the average standard of workmanship is poor. Years ago they used to excite the wonder of landsmen, but the ease with which they can be made once the knack has been acquired has been described in print so many times in recent years that the gilt is off the gingerbread.

The ordinary ship in a bottle, generally a four-masted barque, of the standard that the old lightship hands used to turn out by the score, can often be picked up for a few shillings, but superior workmanship very soon puts the price up and real curiosities like wooden sails, or fourteen ships of different types put into one bottle, have to be paid for.

Last of the pieces that are regarded as being worth the while of the real collector are the old merchant sailing ships, particularly the whalers and the clippers. The former are generally rough, for whaling meant many a lost limb and many a keen sailorman cast on shore. Such a model maker would not usually be an expert craftsman but his work, although hopeless in its proportions, is almost invariably very accurate with regard to details and fittings. The genuine clipper ship models are as a rule very much more cleverly made, for the clippers themselves enjoyed a popular vogue which ensured a market for the replicas, and many of the latter were carefully constructed in the shipyards as advertisements for the famous flyers that they had turned out. Most shipbuilders had a model-making department, or employed an outside specialist, to make a model of each ship that was delivered. They often come on the market when a shipowning firm gives up business, or wants to make room in its windows for its newer vessels, but they are too bulky to attract the ordinary collector although there are a number of them in South Kensington and other museums.

For several years the British market was flooded by the mass products of two big factories and a home for disabled seamen in Germany, which turned out gaudily decorated and absolutely incorrect representations of Columbus's flagship *Santa Maria*, Drake's *Golden Hind* and alleged Armada galleons. Such models were sold wholesale for a few shillings, but some of the fashionable London shops contrived to get quite big prices for them from unwary collectors and they were followed by countless smaller reproductions more suitable for an ordinary room but no more accurate.

On the other hand wonderful model work has been done by a little group consisting of some of the foremost students of naval architecture in Britain—Morton Nance, Colonel Harold Wylie, Gregory Robinson, Commander Anderson and one or two others—who have built some wonderful models correct in every detail and excellent in their workmanship. Many of these have been to special order abroad, but the price that must be charged for such work puts them far beyond the reach of the average collector.

END

A Spot of Latin

(*Continued from page 27*)

Camel was in a hurry. I should think he must have been backin' horses or something. Anyhow, I had to stay for a minute or two and see the fun. There was a funny-faced old guy selling studs and laces and he'd got a card pinned to his chest——"

"Ah?" said Bucky, pricking his ears.

"Well," young Walker continued, "I couldn't tell how it all started, because I was a long way off. Two policemen stopped and spoke to him and pointed to the card on his chest. The man felt in his ragged old coat and dragged out some papers. Police looked at 'em and one of them must have said something.

"Anyhow, just as I was coming up, old funny-face, with the tray, landed out at one of the coppers and missed. So then they both grabbed him and took him off to the station—with about two hundred people following 'em."

There was silence.

"Um?" said Bucky and looked at Dick.

"Ur?" said Dick and looked at Bucky.

"Question is," said Bucky, drawing Dick away by the arm—"question is what we ought to do about it."

"Do about what?"

"They've run him in for begging. In fact they've got that card on his chest to prove it. Worst of some of these new bobbies being educated."

Dick at first did not see the point.

"But poor old Sprocking didn't know what was on the card."

"'Course he didn't. That makes it all our fault. Can't let him down."

"Um!" Bucky stood and scratched his head. "Well, what do you think we'd better do about it? Try and sneak down to the police station and explain——"

"Golly, no! That 'ud cost us about a thousand lines each. Let's go and tell the Camel."

"Eh?"

"Well, we haven't done anything wrong. And the Camel's not a bad old stick. Been in the Service himself. I don't think he'd let Sprocking down if he could help it. Anyhow, he'll know what to do."

"The Camel" was in his study reading the evening paper when the two boys tapped at the door. He called to them to come in and looked up at them from under his glasses as they entered. Something in their manner told him that something was wrong.

"Well?" he said, after a pause. "Don't stand there nudging each other. What do you want? You, Sinclair."

"Please, sir," began Dick, "it was all our fault—all my fault, I mean——"

"I have no doubt whatever about that. But what is it?"

Dick proceeded to tell him and "the Camel" sat listening and biting his lip.

"H'm!" he said at last. "It seems that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

"Yes, sir. My pater says he doesn't see any sense in my learning Latin."

"The Camel" coughed again.

"*What* were the words you caused the unfortunate man to wear on his chest?"

Dick repeated them.

"It's quite good Latin, isn't it, sir?" he said.

"Mongrel dog-Latin of the worst description, boy. Fortunately our bench of magistrates is not highly educated. Otherwise the poor man would do two years without the option."

"Well, sir, how would *you* say in Latin: 'Give me money'? Really good Latin, I mean, sir."

"The Camel's" cough became slightly worse.

"I do not," he said, "propose to go into that subject now. Let me see. The Bench sits at ten to-morrow. They will take the minor cases first. Certainly you should be out of the court long before eleven."

He paused to consider.

"Now let me think. I am not taking a form until 11.45. (*Continued from page 62*)

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Well, I will ask Mr. Danvers to excuse you from first lesson, and I will accompany you to the police court."

Both boys spoke together, relief in their voices.

"Oh, thank you very much, sir."

"Just one thing."

"The Camel" held up an admonitory hand before dismissing them.

"Yes, sir?"

"Do not be in a hurry to offer to give evidence. We don't want the name of the school to be dragged into this if we can help it. You don't realise your position. Quite innocently, and with the best intentions, no doubt, you have been aiding and abetting a man to beg. In fact, on your own admission, you are wholly responsible. You might even be charged."

"Oh, sir!"

"So keep quiet until I tell you."

"Yes, sir. Rather, sir."

The boys went out soberly together—to grin and nudge each other as soon as they were on the other side of the door.

"Got off first lesson," whispered Bucky. "That's a dollop of jam!"

"Um!" said Dick. "Wouldn't have wasted twenty minutes swotting it up if I'd known. Not a bad old egg, the Camel—eh?"

"Could be worse," agreed Bucky, "could be worse. I say, I've never been in a magistrates' court, have you?"

"No. Here, I wonder who'll be on the Bench. There's tons of magistrates, of course, but they won't all be sitting."

"Jolly old mayor will be there," said Dick grinning, "and if he spots us before the case comes on he'll wonder what we're after. Old Smutters has never had much time for the school since the margarine got into the butter and three of the houses stopped getting their groceries from him."

"Miss Pinkley will be there, too. She just lives on that Bench."

Miss Pinkley, a maiden lady of uncertain age, was the one lady magistrate of which the town could boast. She was a twittery lady who always wanted to fine people for minor offences about three times as much as the law permitted; and wanted to let the really bad hats go free with a caution.

"Oh, I know her," said Dick. "Very down on cruelty to animals. She's so fond of dumb animals that she keeps squirrels and larks and rabbits in cages, because she thinks they're much happier that way. Good job for the old soldier he isn't a rabbit. She'd have him quodded for life."

THE boys had guessed right in naming two of the magistrates. The third to sit on the Bench on the following morning was Mr. Busher, a local plumber. Mr. Busher, being almost stone deaf, was ornamental rather than useful, for he always had to agree with the others. And as the other magistrates always had to ask the advice of the clerk, there was only one person in the court who really counted.

There were several spectators in the public gallery when "the Camel" and the two boys slipped quietly into the court. "The Camel," desiring to be as little conspicuous as possible, piloted the two boys to the back.

The Mayor was snapping at a little man who stood nervously behind a high wooden barrier, a policeman hovering in the offing.

"Pay five shillings," he said, "and half a crown costs. And send your little boy to school immediately."

"Yes, your worship," muttered the little man. "Before or after?"

"Before or after what?" snapped the clerk.

"Before or after he's got over the scarlet fever. He's in the isolation hospital. That's why he hasn't been to school."

There was a pause. The clerk looked angry.

"Why couldn't you say so before?" he demanded.

"Because nobody asked me."

The Bench conferred. "Case dismissed."

"Next," said the Mayor, looking up after whispering to the lady on his right and the man on his left.

"Mr. Heye, alias Sprocking."

"Eh?"

"Charged with street trading under a false name, pretendin' to be a furriner in order to deceive the public, and with resisting the police."

The boys gasped and stared at each other. *That* wasn't the charge which they had expected to hear. And suddenly they were aware that the old soldier was standing at the defendants' barrier with a man in blue loitering behind him.

"Anything to say?"

"Yes, me lord," said Mr. Sprocking. "Lot o' blinking rot."

Two policemen entered the witness box and took the oath so quickly that nobody could possibly hear what they were saying.

Then one of them began to give evidence.

"As Police Officer Smith and me was proceedin' last evenin' at eight-twenty p.m., me having just come on duty to give temporary relief, we saw the defendant at the corner of Giles Street, with a tray of studs and laces. He had a card on his chest which I have here. Seein' inscribed on it Date Pecuniam Mihi, and knowin' it to be a foreign name, I stopped and questioned him. 'Is that your name?' I says. And he said it was.

"So then I asked to see his pedlars' licence. That was made out in the name Sprocking. What with him having a licence what wasn't his, or else tryin' to pose as a foreigner by tradin' under a false name, I told him he'd have to come along with me to the station. At which he became violent and we had to use force to arrest him."

The Mayor looked at Sprocking.

"Anything to say?"

"Huh!" Sprocking looked as if he had been waiting for this moment. "That there's a bit o' Latin. A motter, like. I never said it was my name. The policeman he comes up and says to me, 'Is that your moniker?' But I thought he said motter. See? So I said it was. That's all. And if that's the way you treats an old soldier what's——"

"Silence!"

The clerk was taking a hand.

"You say that's your motto?"

"Suttinly I do."

"Then what does it mean?"

The boys looked at each other and their housemaster. If the magistrates knew what it was supposed to mean the unfortunate Sprocking would be immediately charged with begging instead of the other charge already preferred against him.

"Eh?" said Sprocking to gain time.

"What does this—er—motto of yours mean?"

Sprocking threw out his chest.

"It means," he cried, "it means, '*For King and Country always.*'"

For a moment the boys were too astounded to laugh. But they felt Mr. Royston, who was sitting between them, swell suddenly and begin to shake. And suddenly they realised that he was a good sportsman and had a sense of humour.

"A very proper sentiment! A bew-tiful sentiment!"

This last was uttered by Miss Pinkley on the Bench.

"My poor man," she continued, "have you been made to suffer for your loyalty?"

The Mayor looked down his nose. The deaf magistrate smiled amiably and wondered what was going on.

"Comes to that, don't it?" the old soldier growled. "Fought for me king and country and now——"

"What a shame!" exclaimed Miss Pinkley.

"Wait a moment!" The Mayor was speaking. "Is that what these words actually mean? Can anybody in court translate them?"

The boys glanced nervously at Mr. Royston. Was he—was it possible that "the Camel" was keeping his head well down so as not to be seen by the Bench? They could not tell for certain.

There was this to be said for the lady and the two gentlemen on the Bench—they were sterling patriots. The Mayor addressed the old soldier.

"I am sorry," he said, "that a mistake has been made. Your papers seem to be in order

and you have done no more than express a noble sentiment. You are discharged. But wait a moment before you go."

"Yes, sir?" said the prisoner, a new look in his eyes.

"Had this man any money when you took him in charge?"

"Four and ninepence, sir," said one of the policemen.

"H'm. Won't take him far."

The Mayor felt in his breast pocket and took out a pound note. Miss Pinkley felt in her bag and took out also a pound note. And the deaf magistrate, who always did what the others did, laboriously counted out a pound in silver and coppers.

The collection was duly passed across to Sprocking.

"Thank you very much, sirs and lady," he said. "Thank you very much indeed. Old soldiers never die."

Dick touched Mr. Royston on the arm.

"P—please, sir, may we g—go out now? I w—want to laugh."

"S—so do I," "the Camel" confessed in a shaken whisper. "C—come on."

Outside they encountered the old soldier, now wearing a ten-inch smile. "The Camel" slipped another note into his hand.

"And now," he said not unkindly, "I should make myself scarce if I were you."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And thank you all. Only the police or somebody's still got that motto o' mine. I saw them hand it up to the Bench. And I've forgotten what the words was."

"Never you mind," said Mr. Royston laughing. "I should forget them altogether if I were you. They might get you into real trouble next time."

Mr. Royston kept a solemn face afterwards on the way up to the house, but occasionally he shook.

"I shouldn't," he said suddenly, "—er—I shouldn't say anything about this outside the school. Magistrates have to be respected, you know."

"Y—yes, sir."

"And don't ask me again what's the use of learning Latin. You've just seen a whole bench of magistrates who—er—wouldn't have been any the worse for knowing a few simple words."

"Phew!" said Bucky. "Well, I'm jolly glad they didn't, sir. Awkward if they did, sir, for Sinclair and me."

"Yes," grunted "the Camel."

BUT the affair did not quite end there. The Mayor continued to think that *Date Pecuniam Mihi* meant "For King and Country always."

That was how a boy named Robinson major came to put a surprising question to Mr. Royston next Empire Day.

"Please, sir, has the Mayor gone off his head?"

"Not that I am aware, Robinson," said "the Camel" coldly. "Why?"

"Because he's got a notice in his front window: 'Give me money.' Only he's translated it into Latin. And he's got red, white and blue ribbons twisted all round it."

END

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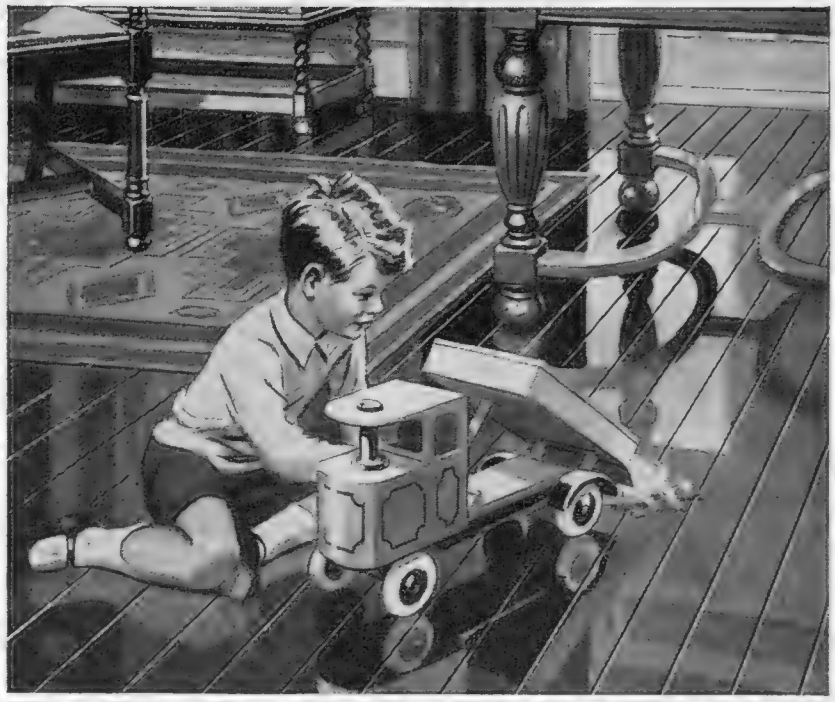

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2. *Eyes:* Starry, dark, almond-shaped with long black lashes.
3. *Nose:* Short and straight with fine, even-pored skin.
4. *Mouth:* Small, beautifully shaped.
5. *Chin:* Round and milk-white, utterly free from blemishes or large pores.
6. *Hair:* Dark, with gleams of copper gold.

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The Things We Live For

(*Continued from page 5*)

astounded when he went after Wall Street. "He can't beat big business," they said; "No, no man on earth—no matter how strong he is—will ever be able to beat big business. Wall Street will take him and just break his back!"

They forgot that Ford had already beaten Wall Street—when a gang of big financiers tried to take his plants away from him. And as to Roosevelt—well, we have had four great Presidents in the United States: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. And it is not at all unlikely when history is written some five hundred years hence, and the emotionalism has blown away that glows like a nimbus when you mention those early names, that Roosevelt will be accepted as the greatest.

He had the greatest population, the greatest problems, and the greatest opponent—big business—to face. If he hasn't tamed big business yet, he has at any rate removed its claws. And he still has another four years to go.

But he could never have done it had not the people, the great mass of the people, mind you, been put into a desperately receptive mood by the world slump. And to-day in the United States you won't hear people going about any more saying, "You just simply can't beat big business!"

That is one change of attitude which came about in the very last country where you might think it could have happened.

THEN here is another menace which it seems almost impossible to overcome—the menace of the machine. Will we ever be able to get back to the day when people made things for the pleasure of making them—rather than just for profit? And nearly always for somebody else's profit. How many men in the factories do you think get any pleasure out of making a Ford car? Those robots. Just a few, very few designers and executives, and the die and tool workers. These last skilled men are the only actual workers in the plant whom you won't see moving their arms and legs like automatons. No wonder there is a scrap heap of human material—worn out by sheer weariness—outside every modern mass production plant.

Again, it is not the machine which is to be blamed—it is our own *attitude* towards it. Gandhi wants a return to the loom in village India; he wants it not as a philosopher in the æsthetic sense—he knows it will put a happy life back there. But even the Indian Congress leaders say that the Mahatma is behind the times, on that idea. The Russians declare that all an American thinks about is big business; yet they have begun to worship machinery just at the moment when we are beginning to be afraid of it. That's an important fact.

Yet, if the purists among the Soviet thinkers could prove right—that the machine can be controlled, that the machine can be made to serve the people, instead of the mass of the people serving machines—then you have got somewhere with taming that enemy (or friend?) of mankind.

This can only happen, of course, *after* you have determined your attitude about where big business should be placed.

THEN, in sequence, comes the attitude towards the land. Should farming be a mode of life? Or should it be regarded as merely a means of making a living? There is a lot of difference. In both these last two wars two million acres of fresh land in England have been put under cultivation. After the last war these productive acres were allowed to lapse. There were Pig Boards, Cattle Bonuses, and a dithering medley of Marketing Schemes—but no genuine, deep-hearted effort was ever made to put life back on the land of England again. No nation-wide survey was ever made of its chemicals, or of the various things the different counties were best suited to produce. Lloyd George is almost shrieking for it now; he says there is no use talking of a long war—unless you can feed yourself through it.

There's *that* attitude! Putting back life on the land—to produce otherwise torpedoed food—may be an immediate war necessity. But it is also a long-distance peace necessity. It's the partial answer to slums, a considerable amount of unemployment, and a great deal of discontent and sheer unhappiness.

If you put back life on the little farms of England (and it is astonishing how many of them are still left) you will revive the contented village life. You will revive the marketing towns. You will invigorate the county centres. And the radio and cheap motor car will help you to make cheerful, instead of dreary, even the isolated country life.

The implements are there. The wisdom of the need is apparent. The only thing that's lacking, so far—is the attitude. It would invigorate all England.

WELL, there are a few things, and there's no need to enumerate them, which could bring a lot of happiness into this coming post-war existence. They are not impossible. The "crunch" of war, as Churchill phrased it, will almost certainly break up the big money *blocs* and vested interests. The people who, for instance, have done much to prevent the revival of farming in England; the financiers who own most of the four thousand million pounds invested abroad who, to get their money back, must take it in such things as shipments of foreign wheat, butter, eggs, milk, bacon, and, particularly, heavy shipments of chilled beef from the Argentine. Their power will be largely gone, they will no longer to able to hold an upraised hand against a demand to revive British farming in British politics.

And these things can be done. One of the outstanding programmes of Roosevelt's National Recovery Act, ever since the day he took office in 1932, has been to put a sound, contented and secure life back on the farms of the United States. Farming had become so mechanised in America that its centre had become Wall Street. Whole towns were bought up and razed to make way for the big companies with their fleets of tractors and harvesting "combines." It was the boast then, in 1929, that on one 100,000 acre farm in Montana, one man could cultivate 120 acres.

But what came of the people who used to till—and find a life on—that land? That was the question that was beginning to be asked, angrily. It was answered largely by the people in the bread lines of the cities. Or the "slaves" who were obliged to work for the huge farming and fruit growers' companies which did not go under in the slump. Read John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*.

And now the question is being seriously asked in the United States: "*How many people do you think that bit of land could give a living to?*" That's a change of attitude!

Recently the law lords of England had to settle a curious case which involved nothing less than *setting a cash price on happiness*. It was the appeal from an award made in respect of a two and a half year old boy killed in a car accident. The question resolved itself into: Which would be the more precious, if the choice could be made—the prospect of a long life or the prospect of a happy one?

And, among other things, the seven law lords solemnly made this declaration:

> "It would be fallacious to assume for this purpose that all human life is continuously an enjoyable thing. The ups and downs of life, its pains and sorrows, as well as its joys and pleasures—all that makes up 'life's fitful fever'—have to be allowed for in the estimate."

Then they went on: "Lawyers and judges may here join hands with moralists and philosophers and declare that the degree of happiness to be obtained by a human being does not depend upon wealth or status."

All sententious. It ducks entirely the question of the equality of opportunity. That's what makes real unhappiness, the festering sore in the soul. Six-sevenths of the children of England, richest country in the world, finish their education at the age of fourteen. Ninety per cent of them try to find some sort of job at that age. And at the age of fourteen—mark this carefully—the normal child is not obsessed with the idea of making money. In fact, he is frightened of it.

And with good reason; he knows that from then on, for the rest of his life, he will be lucky if he can get two weeks out of every year that he can fearlessly call his own. Gone are the trees and the fields; gone, even, the rowdy fun in the city streets.

Yet *our* attitude is to accept such a state of affairs complacently. It isn't accepted that way in Scandinavia, where even the minimum marked intelligence above the normal is subsidised and encouraged to go on upwards through the final strata of education. Nor is it in the United States, where it is axiomatic that an ambitious boy or girl will work their way through their university education . . . with no stigma attached to it.

But, in England, the attitude has been that higher education belonged to privileged classes. So did positions in certain services, such as the Colonial and Diplomatic. (If you had the wrong accent you could not enter these.) And thousands of virile brains which might have animated these services died still-born; they were never given the chance.

So much for the odious philosophy of the law lords. Definitely, one of the first attitudes which will show itself changed, even before this war is over, will be this question of the equality of education. And England will be richer in brain-power as a consequence.

When you are looking for some "good brain" to fill an important office, you have to scratch your head, wonder at the paucity of supply—and then go on, as you do now, shifting about and dusting off the old figures. It is, indeed, quite a startling spectacle, the way one titled incompetent after another is shifted from office to office, hoping that, somewhere, he will click.

This appearance of the same names, appearing in one office after another, is ominous.

If you jettison the jargon of the philosophers, and talk plain English, and face cold facts, even the blind man can see the terror aroused in the hearts of a great bed-rock group of middle-class Englishmen at the mention of any drastic social change. They acclaim a scientist who can tell them more about the spaces between the stars—*but the social innovator is suspect.* We're back in the Middle Ages, as far as our attitude goes there. Yet it is only too obvious, if we regard ourselves as machines, that we are always running far below our capacity. In other words, the people we see round us, ourselves, no matter what the status, always seem to have much greater possibilities of thought, and action, even of emotions, than our "conditions" will permit.

We are "conditioned"—by our attitudes.

Even in Soviet Russia I lay one night in a log hut, with a school teacher, in a valley 8,000 feet up in the snowy Caucasus. He had fled there. Why? Because his father was a kulak—he owned a flock of sheep. And from under the straw on which we lay he dug out a copy of Lermontoff, read that fine poet by the light of the pine fire. He sadly tapped his head and heart:

"It is all here," he said—"the life I must live now. I find this exile unbearable."

There was nothing I could tell him. In a country which had thrilled me with the door after door it was throwing open for a new life (this was May, 1929), I had come upon bigoted intolerance in its most degraded form.

(*Continued on page* 66)

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This is the first war in modern history in which the whole population of England has been involved. No one is immune from it. The English have steeled themselves to fight this battle out to a victorious conclusion. To do this they are consciously toughening themselves; their nerves, their bodies, their mettle, their national institutions.

That means that when this war is over it won't be like the last one—where a million or so soldiers returned to be thrown on the market in search of jobs. We'll all sit just where we are.

But—this toughened population is going to want something better, a bigger, more secure existence, than it was rewarded with in the twenty flabby years which followed

The Things We Live For

the last war. And, will it get it? Will this toughness hold out? Will it produce an anger which will brush away all political parties and politicians, as we know them? No one can answer—now.

But if people start *thinking* now, if they do start to question, define, even decide what their attitudes have been and what they *should* be on some of these vital things I have been talking about—*then the English will have prepared themselves to face the dangers of peace.*

The day Hitler's Nazis marched into Holland an age of privilege—ended.

END

The Quest of the Golden Fleece

(*Continued from page* 15)

mirthless smile as he saw his trail marked by swirling smoke. But he did not turn, or even swerve.

At a hundred feet from the ground, and perhaps a mile from the chateau, he flattened out. The grey stone building seemed to leap towards him. His hand went to the bomb toggle and the "Hurricane" rocked as the missile swung clear. A split second later he was zooming like a rocket, at the same time turning back towards the sea through sky that was being lacerated by flame and hurtling metal. Twice something struck the machine with a force that made him wince; but the aircraft did not falter. Snatching a glance behind he saw that the bomb had found its mark. A cloud of black smoke marked the spot where the chateau had stood.

The flak died away suddenly, and knowing the reason he looked quickly for it—and found it. A big formation of Messerschmitt "109's" was coming down on his tail like a school of winged sharks. He was not surprised. He would have been more surprised had they not been there.

He did not stay to fight, for that would have been sheer suicide; instead, he raced low across the coast on a course that would take him under the mass of cloud over which he had flown on his outward journey. And as he flew he watched the cloud until there appeared from behind it what he knew was there. It was a squadron of "Hurricanes."

He looked back at the Messerschmitts, smiling grimly. "Trapped, my beauties," he breathed, and swung round to join in the combat that was now inevitable.

But the Messerschmitts, too, had seen the British machines; they broke formation, and scattering, headed back for the coast. But the "Hurricanes," having the advantage of height, overtook them. Two enemy machines collided, and plunged, whirling into the sea. Another fell in flames on the beach, and another, shedding its parachuted pilot, spun into the ground some way inland. The rest disappeared in the direction of the chateau.

Presently the pursuing "Hurricanes" returned. Flight Lieutenant Delane, acting C.O. in the absence of the squadron leader, took his place at the head of the formation and led it home.

PRECISELY at ten that night he pushed open the swing doors of the "Golden Fleece."

Marie was there, standing at the bar, in earnest conversation with a pilot officer. She started when he touched her on the shoulder and she saw who it was, spilling a little of her cocktail as she set it down abruptly. A strange expression clouded her eyes for a moment, like a ripple ruffling a pool; but only for a moment.

"What cheer," he greeted pleasantly. "Here I am—right on time." To the boy he said, "You've got my partner—go and find one for yourself."

The boy frowned. "That's a bit tough on me."

Cedric's lips smiled, but there was no humour in his eyes.

"Toughish," he agreed slowly. "But it might have been tougher."

The boy glanced at the rings on Cedric's sleeves, sighed, and departed.

There was only one high stool available at the bar, but an elderly man in a lounge suit, who was toying with a can of beer, slid off the one he was occupying.

"You can have this," he offered casually. "I shan't be here long."

Cedric thanked him.

"Did everything go off all right?" questioned the girl, her eyes on Cedric's face. She seemed to be slightly breathless.

"Oh, so-so, you know. No reason why it shouldn't, was there?"

"No. No—no—of course not," she answered quickly.

Cedric's manner was inconsequential. "You see—er—well, I've had rather more experience than some of the lads—Jimmy Hardy, for instance."

The blood drained slowly from her face, leaving it ashen.

His eyes met hers, squarely. "You knew Jimmy, didn't you?"

She moistened her lips. "Hardy—I don't remember. I've met so many——"

"Yes, I was afraid of that," he said evenly. "But surely you remember Jimmy—good-looking boy with flaxen hair and blue eyes? He used to come here quite a bit."

She frowned, shaking her head. "No, I don't remember a boy of that name."

Cedric took a piece of paper from his pocket. It was a picture cut from a newspaper. "Look," he said, pointing. "A press photographer took that in here about a week ago. You're in it. So is Jimmy. I could have sworn you were dancing together."

She took the paper and stared at it for a long time. It seemed to fascinate her. The fingers that held it were white with strain, so that the enamelled nails looked like drops of blood. She moistened her lips again.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly, "I remember him now."

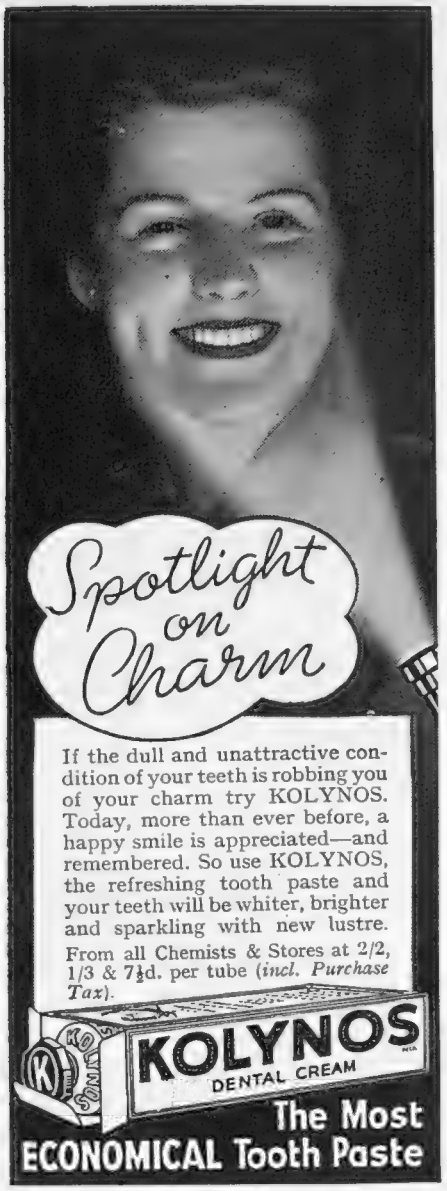
"I thought perhaps you would," murmured Cedric smoothly. He went on, reminiscently. "He was a good boy, was Jimmy—at least, until he met a girl here, and fell in love with her."

"Was he—a friend of yours?"

"Rather. He was in my squadron—in my flight, to be precise. I taught him to fly. I was very fond of Jimmy." He hesitated for a moment, looking at her. "Funny thing, coincidence, you know . . . I mean, about you asking me to take a message to France. The girl he fell for asked him to do just the same thing."

"Did he—go?" Her voice was a mere whisper.

Cedric nodded. "Yes. Very silly of him.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He should have known better than to do a thing like that."

"How did you—know about it?"

"Because, before he went, he left a note for me in his kit, telling me what he was going to do—just in case. Of course, had he come back I shouldn't have known anything about it."

"Why did he not—come back?"

Cedric's face was stony. "Because, judging from what I saw myself this morning, there were about a hundred guns waiting for him on the ground, and a score of Messerschmitts in the sky. That's a very big gun they have in the chateau—or perhaps I should say, they had. The message I dropped must have made quite a mess of it. But I had to do it. I felt I owed it to Jimmy. We always try to pay each other's debts, you know. That was why I drifted along here, to see if I could find the girl—he loved."

"The girl—he loved." Her voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes—the girl who gave him—his death warrant." Cedric tapped a cigarette thoughtfully on the back of his hand.

She leaned towards him, so that the fragrance of her hair floated into his nostrils.

"Shall we go—upstairs—and talk about it?" she whispered. "Perhaps I could——"

Cedric shook his head. "Mademoiselle—or is it Fräulein?" he said coldly. "You gave me all I ever wanted from you when you told me the name of the chateau."

She caught her breath sharply. "What did you do with the message I gave you?" she asked in a voice that had suddenly become hard.

"Matter of fact," he answered carelessly, "I gave it to Inspector Morier of Scotland Yard. I believe he found it interesting—quite interesting—particularly that little map someone had drawn on the inside of the envelope. By the way, he's the gentleman in the lounge suit, standing at your elbow. I fancy he's waiting to have a word with you, so I'll drift along—if you'll excuse me."

"IT'S a bit warmish outside again to-night, sir, ain't it?" remarked the bartender, wiping the bar.

"Warmish—but not so sultry as it is in here," returned Cedric softly, and went out into the darkness.

END

Catch 'em Young

(*Continued from page* 30)

vowel sounds. Once the patient has, through perseverance in the repetition of these sounds, discovered that it is possible to form them without hesitation, then he will continue to do so. Habit is a vital factor in the whole problem of stammering.

Apart from this all activities likely to increase self-confidence, singing, elocution performed in public, meeting and mixing freely with other children, have a beneficial effect.

Psycho-analysis, with the object of discovering and dispersing the underlying causes of anxiety, has, too, been practised successfully, but it is important to bear in mind that each child must be treated as an individual. No general rules can be applied in such complaints as this.

THIS is only a summary of the many comparatively trifling complaints common among children, frequently left to take their course. There are many more. For instance, recurring sore throats (this should be treated without delay), adenoids, flat feet, sties on the eyes, and the various minor manifestations of digestive disorders. Don't be lulled into a sense of false security about these small complaints. They all have a meaning, some of them serious. Moreover they are simple to get rid of at this stage whereas in a few years, possibly even a few months, they will have developed into something much more serious and far harder to eliminate.

END

Baa, baa, Black Sheep!
Have you any wool?
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And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.

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Bride of a Lancer (*Continued from page 19*)

machine gun fire. Ben Robertson, the helmsman, had been killed, and two others, like himself, wounded.

The story contracted Mary's heart. Next time that bullet might be in her father's brain. How could she leave him now, or let her mother face the future alone?

Mary knew at last that however much she loved Gerald she could never go through with this marriage.

When her father was comfortable, and the house settled once more into its normal quietness, Mary walked slowly down to the hall, and stood by the telephone table.

She would ring him up. Now. Get it over, swiftly, and make her decision final, irrevocable.

All very well in theory—but it wouldn't work, she reflected. If she told Gerald the real reason he would demand—"Don't I count, too?" He would argue, rush round, see her father, and Kenneth Huntly would be the first to pooh-pooh her ideas. There would be endless arguments, family councils. They would accuse her of pre-wedding panic so common with nervous brides.

This was a secret conflict between herself and her private convictions, very well, she'd keep it—secret.

Gerald must have an explanation, and there was only one he would be too proud to question—Peter.

She called Gerald's number: "Meet me by that tree on the mainland cliffs—you know, our tree, in half an hour," she said, adding, almost inaudibly, "very important."

And then she telephoned Peter.

In the life of every woman there is always one man who is Dobbin, the Steady, the John Faithful: the man to whom she will give all the lovely qualities of loyalty, sympathy, tolerance, all the qualities save the one he wants—love.

As a small girl, Mary had decided Peter was the bravest man in the world, and the one she was going to marry. He had returned intermittently to his home in Macdhui during his years of military service all over the world. He came back once with his arm in a sling, and a glove on his hand to hide a wound, and although he eventually dispensed with the sling, he continued to wear the glove.

Peter was good-looking too, in his dark, silent way, and but for the fact Gerald had come her way, Mary would have been content with friendship and married Peter.

"Peter," she began, "you know you once said if I ever wanted a hand to hold, or a shoulder to cry on——" she trailed off miserably.

He answered quickly, "Don't be so apologetic, child. What is it?"

"Me and Gerald——" again she hesitated.

"I—I want you to lend me that shoulder to-morrow morning about nine o'clock."

"Listen," he began. "Don't be foolish. What——"

But she rang off.

Pulling on her coat, Mary left the house hurriedly and walked quickly down the cobbled streets, through the Fish Market, and across the town where the house climbed the hill to the headland.

When Gerald found her it was already dark, only the faint radiance of the moon lit the moorland.

Gerald did not attempt to take her in his arms, but lit a cigarette, bending double in the wind to do so. He said, almost stiffly, "I'm glad you came. I have been screwing up courage to tell you something."

Mary listened, her heart beating quickly.

"We won't be going to Simla, as I told you. I've just had a wire saying the regiment's been ordered to Zamrat. Simla's great fun, you know, plenty for you to do, but Zamrat's quite a different story, I'm afraid."

What did it matter—Simla, Peshawar, Zamrat, they were no longer living places for her, but dots on a map of India. She laid her hand on his arm.

"It doesn't matter where it is," she said, the words came sharp and high, unlike her normal voice. "I'm not going with you, Gerald. That's what I wanted to tell you."

He looked at her, still and strangely silent: all she could see was the cigarette sparkling in the high wind like a firework. She turned away, staring down upon the bay where the waves boomed across the Harbour Bay. Far out in the darkness she heard the distant drum of an aeroplane's engines. Then suddenly great stabs of fire from the anti-aircraft guns followed by a thin exultant roar. She grabbed Gerald's arm, and they peered towards the sea.

The sound of the machines seemed to increase. There must be three or four of them at least, thought Mary. Out of the darkness a little tongue of flame suddenly shot up from the sea. The raiders were dropping incendiary bombs and one had found its target.

Then there was another sound, a sharper more staccato buzz, the angry engines of British fighters hunting their kill. Out they went, sizzling across the sea. But the raiders must have turned tail, for the noise of their engines had already faded from the air.

More dead and dying: another skipper with a grin on his face and his stomach full of lead. Mary felt she would be sick. And Gerald had been speaking of Simla, something about the life of Simla being fun. You couldn't think of fun when your men faced death to get you food and were shot a mile from home.

They started to walk down the hill. Before they came to the row of cottages where the town began, Gerald stopped and asked her the question he had every right to ask.

"Why——" he said in a close tight voice. "But—why?"

Mary looked straight ahead of her. "I'm not going to marry you because—because I found the man I really love is Peter."

That was exactly how she had planned it. She wanted their parting to be final, no arguments, no long-drawn-out explanations weakening her will.

It worked even better than she had imagined. From a swift glance at Gerald's tense face, she knew he believed her.

"I hope you will be happy always," he said. "Peter is a fine fellow. There's only one thing, I hope you don't mind if I leave to-morrow by the early train . . . I don't think I could——"

He didn't finish the sentence. He just pressed her hands very tightly, and touched them with his lips and turned into the darkness.

NEXT morning Mary was up early and watched his train wind round the glen. Gerald was on it all right. Donald the porter had told her so.

Now that he had gone from her for ever she sat among the heather, and as she warned Peter—she cried.

She was shaken from her dazed misery by a voice that was quite a long way off. Hastily she wiped her eyes, powdered her nose to greet Peter, a small figure in the distance, who came stumping through the heather towards her.

When he arrived and sat down by her side, he did not comment on her woebegone expression.

"Have a cigarette?" he held his case to her, and added, "Silly girl."

A lump rose in her throat. Dear Peter. . . .

"Now what's the trouble between you two?" he went on. "You'll feel much better if you tell me, you know."

So Mary told him everything. It would never call Gerald back, but still it helped her troubled mind.

When it was all over, Peter sat looking at her with a little smile on his face. Then he filled his pipe slowly.

"Where d'you say this place was—Zamrat?" he asked at length.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Yes. Zamrat, but what does it matter now—Simla, Peshawar or Zamrat, they all mean nothing to me and never will."

Peter raised his eyebrows and said with a little laugh, "Amazing ignorance the girl has, amazing. Perhaps Goebbels is right, we don't deserve an Empire."

"What's so amazing about Zamrat?" asked Mary.

"Listen, child," he leant forward and took her fingers in his gloved hands. "You know I was a soldier before I returned to the family business here?"

"A very good soldier, I'm told," Mary smiled at last.

"I don't suppose I was braver or more cowardly than the next man, but I must say I lost my nerve on one occasion. I was moved up to a place on the North-West Frontier. H.Q. was a verminous old fort built about a hundred years ago. You talked about Simla and its dances. Well, there were no dances there, I can tell you.

"We used to go out on patrol into those mountain passes, and give those tribesmen a chance to indulge in their national sport—sniping. They used to pick off about three men a day. You never read about it in the papers, but it happened every day, and there's nothing to be done about it but carry on with the job. After a while you even stopped wondering if you'd be the next man."

Peter paused, looked across the harbour, and then placed his gloved hand on hers.

"I've always told you I wear this glove to cover a gunshot wound. That isn't strictly true, but it's an easy way of explaining things. When I was taken prisoner, the tribesmen decided I was worth a ransom. First of all they cut off my thumb."

Peter deliberately started to pull off his glove, finger by finger. As Mary watched, her expression changed from curiosity to horror, and then to one of pity. The fingers of his glove were stuffed with cotton wool.

"They sent my thumb to the C.O. with the message that more would follow if he didn't pay up quickly. Then they cut off my index finger and sent that the next day. Unfortunately my patrol had moved off and the messenger had some difficulty finding them. By the time he did contact them the devils had chopped off all the fingers of my right hand, one by one. They were just going to start on my left hand when the ransom money arrived."

Peter sat with the pathetic secret of his fingers exposed.

"It's not exactly fun," he said, "up in Zamrat—for that's the name of the fort. If you want to know my idea of a hero, Mary, I'd say it's those poor devils stationed in Waziristan. But they don't complain. Nor do their wives. They accept hardship and don't let on what a hell of a life it is. Why, I've even heard people in other countries say they envied their life of luxury! Some girls in Macdhui for instance, get quite a wrong idea where their duty lies."

They were both silent while the gulls called mournfully over their heads.

Finally Peter said: "So you see, for us British, there's pain and courage and suffering for sale, in other parts of the world. By the way, the regular weekly plane leaves London for Lisbon in two days' time. You could join Gerald's troopship at Gibraltar if you wanted to."

Mary's face was flushed now, the early sunshine glowed in deep red tints in her hair. She took Peter's poor hands in hers, drawing off the gloves and holding them closely in her own.

"I shall remember you," she said, "always and always."

The fishermen were coming in from their night of horror on the sea. Some limping, others supported by their comrades. But they were singing . . . singing in defiance of the men who had wounded them.

And Mary knew that here was a race that could never be conquered. She was proud to be one of them, in whatever corner of a foreign land her love and duty called.

END

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Tomorrow's Professions for Women

(*Continued from page* 31)

Bonnington, Loughborough, in Leicestershire. Women are filling teaching, administration, research, and other posts, as well as doing jobs as garden stewards, head gardeners, and work in commercial establishments here and in the Commonwealth and Colonies. Write to the Registrar of Reading University about the degree courses in horticulture, agriculture and dairying: write to Studley College, Warwickshire: the principal, Miss Helen Ekins, O.B.E., tells me that their courses vary from one to three years, and that more girls of a good stamp are taking up the work professionally.

Waterperry Horticultural School at Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, is another "good risk," and Miss Havergal and Miss Sanders, the principals, advise the one or two years' courses, full training and real qualifications for post-war opportunities.

Household and social science offers a wide selection of war and post-war jobs. A letter to King's College of Household and Social Science, in Camden Hill Road, W.8 (it is moving to a university in the provinces) will bring a lot of useful information. Other addresses are the Gloucestershire Training College of Domestic Science, Barrack Square, Gloucester, and the College of Domestic Science, Bristol. This college stresses the fact that there are openings, now, for trained lady cooks in hospitals and institutions. In London the Polytechnic day courses are still functioning. They cater for most types of specialised cookery and catering. The accent laid by most colleges on dietetics shows that this modern science is about to assume as much importance in Britain as in the United States.

The girl who can take courses that equip her for posts in the new world with its school and institutional welfare; medical and dental work with children, and all other branches of child care has an assured future. To take only one of the many openings for training, the famous Wellgarth Nursery Training College is now at Bourton House, Shrivenham, Swindon, in Wiltshire. Miss Rachel Talbot, the warden, tells me that the full training takes nine months, and that, even in wartime, graduates have found immediate posts, taking children overseas, looking after groups in the country here, on the staffs of nursery homes.

The girl of nineteen or twenty has the new world before her, and she would be wise to survey it and its possibilities now before she buries herself in a dead-end job. Directly this war lets up a little she will be urgently needed. She'll have a poor chance if she is not trained.

Joan Woollcombe

Books

(*Continued from page* 25)

delightful. I read the book while myself in hospital and felt dubious about the backstage details of the nurses' lives, though I could vouch for the accuracy of most of the patients' feelings.

It's very funny but I must warn you it will shock a lot of people.

TO turn for a moment to something more serious, "The Long Week-end," a Social History of Great Britain from 1918 to 1939 (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), is a book to dip into again and again and to keep as a standard reference. Robert Graves and Alan Hodge have collaborated to give as full a picture of life in this country as they can, dealing with as many facets as they can. It might have been so dull but it never is. They admit their impossible task—to cover everything—but they get full marks for their effort. There is so much we forget and this book recalls, curious fashions, *causes célèbres*, crazes like Yoyo or Mah Jongh, great plays, the talking films, the development of psychoanalysis, the death (*Continued on page* 70)

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of Lawrence of Arabia, the trend of art to music. It is a gem of compression.

MARTIN SHANE GORE in "This Peaceful Place" (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) shows that while you might think nothing could ever happen in a place like Tun Row in a cathedral city like Muncester there is plenty of drama below the surface. Pretty Venezia Chaddesley finds it dull. Hugo Marrady falls in love with her. There is drama at the children's school and at a children's party; excitement in the decorating of a country house. It all works up to a climax. The moral is that you'll never be dull if you know your neighbours. Nor reading this book.

I always wonder how successfully some one could steal another's personality and take their place—whether little things like birthdays and handwriting would not prove pitfalls. Barbara Cartland tries this theme in "Stolen Halo" (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.) when Doreen Wallis, who has lived a gay life in Cairo, takes the place of her missionary cousin and goes home to England in place of her. It is well worked out and the situations are normal and not far-fetched. The logical answer seems to be that it is what you are, and not what you appear to be that attracts a man.

And now we arrive at "Feudal Island" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.) under the guidance of Desmond Holdridge, and a pleasant place this Brazilian island in the mouth of the Amazon is to linger and stop. He tells of a feudal society which has economic security, and endless milk to drink and meat to eat, even if the standard of living on the ranches is low. A child can ride and be self-supporting with his lasso before he reaches his teens even if he knows no algebra; and suicide is unknown. You can shoot down five wild ducks with one bullet, they fly so thick, but you must be used to discomfort. All this makes good reading, and the failure of the infiltration of the German into Brazil (so far) is satisfying. If you cannot make the journey to Feudal Island you cannot do better than travel mentally under Desmond Holdridge.

"THE Epic of Dunkirk" (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.) is another book for every household. E. Keble Chatterton tells, after studying official papers, the marine side of the miraculous evacuation from that narrow beach, by which the greater part of the British Army was saved from almost certain destruction.

He tells in detail the amazing organisation beforehand, the rapid summoning of the small boats of every class from wherries and barges to private launches, from tugs to lifeboats. He tells of their adventures, of the tireless courage of the merchant service, of the sailors from our pleasure beaches, our rivers and coasts, and of civilians suddenly launched again and again into the hell of bombs, shells and machine guns. It is an epic story given clearly.

Unrecorded History

(*Continued from page* 16)

billiards, developing livers, quarrelling and praying that it was really true that spring would not be far behind. Occasionally, when requested, they would send (braving a complicated censorship) a story about a Lancashire boy who had got tight and fallen in a canal and been rescued by a Yorkshire boy. And nonsense of that kind. What else could the poor men do? They could scarcely go farther than the next brasserie down the street without being accompanied by an officer as bored with the whole affair as themselves.

And as for the photographers! If the writers were a nuisance to the army, the photographers were lepers.

I can see now the arrival of a packet of pictures from France last winter in a London newspaper office; the face of the art editor. as he unwrapped the consignment, his face beaming with hopeful anticipation, like a boy at Christmas. And then the inevitable look of baffled disappointment as each new picture presented itself. 1, Ten Men Before a Hut (Scowling); 2, Ten Men Alongside a Hut (Grinning); 3, Ten Men, Two of Them with their Thumbs up; 4, A Field Gun; 5, Sentry Duty Outside a Peasant's Cottage Somewhere in France.

And so it went on. Until one morning, the date being May 10, the balloon went up with the bang of a rocket, and before the sun was far risen in the sky Heinkel bombers were skimming the house-tops of Brussels and Rotterdam, and Reichwehr parachutists were dropping gas bombs into the casemates of the Liége forts. "Advance!" came the order to the men waiting around and about Arras; or more correctly, "A into B," as the code name for the operation put it. Up rushed the British Expeditionary Force to its positions near Louvain, up rushed the newspapermen, flash came the order to send them home at once and ten days afterwards the whole corps was kicking its heels in Fleet Street wondering what on earth it had spent a winter for waiting at the British H.Q. It was not only an insult to a lot of men of no mean courage (the Americans were quite prepared to stay and be "captured" by the Germans, for the sake of the story), but it was as stupid a fiasco as any ever yet devised by a War Office in almost any country that I can think of on quick reflection.

When the whole sorry story had been told, and the curtain rung down on the glorious tragedy of the Dunkirk evacuation, it fell to my lot to examine carefully the odd couple of hundred photographs of these stirring and memorable days. First I went through the scenes of the civilian evacuation. It seemed hardly credible that I was not looking at pictures taken twenty-six years ago. Then I tried to trace the north-eastward rush of the British Army. It started with a picture dated May 10 of a Bren gun carrier, around which were grouped a number of soldiers, all grinning, and two with their thumbs up. There was also a thirsty-looking picture of two men with a motor-cycle being given free beer by two of our fair Belgian allies. Then came a great hiatus, occupied by a number of wrecked streets in unnamed towns which might have come out of any newspaper file at any time in the past thirty years, until Dunkirk was reached. Here, because the Navy had called in thousands of civilians and not all of them obeyed the no-camera order, the finest pictures of the war were taken. Yet even these—dramatic as they often were—seemed disappointing. One heard of dive bombers dropping one after another down on to the beach. Never so much as a picture of anything so stirring and revealing.

DUNKIRK and the forty miles around it, the defence of Calais and Boulogne, the Highlanders retreating towards fateful St. Valerie—a hundred incidents and events lack pictorial record. Yet all this was the Fleet Street camera man's cup of tea. He was accustomed to taking his life in his hands anyway. In the greatest assignment of all he was denied a place.

Then I turned to the German news pictures, already filtering in by way of New York. Here was one of the Nazi flag being hoisted on the mast above Leopold's palace at Laaken. The invading Hun crossing the Place de la Concorde in Paris, not one of them grinning at the camera or with his thumbs justifiably up. The *sale Bosche* at Versailles, and the same creatures standing on top of the Arc de Triomphe with all Paris at their feet. Here, I regret to say, was both imagination and enterprise.

Where were the pictures of Lord Gort receiving the order to retire behind Brussels from Gamelin? Where was the picture of Gort stepping off the Dunkirk beaches?

In World War I we started not knowing quite what propaganda meant. Most thought that it had something to do with a committee of cardinals in Rome. Yet some pretty fine pictures came out of 1914 before the brass hats cried, "Oh, I say, look here, we can't have this." Fortunately the brass hats had eventually themselves to bow the knee to a number of propaganda-minded men like Lloyd George, Churchill, Northcliffe and Beaverbrook. And World War I wound up in a welter of photography, much of it very fine stuff.

Yet the lesson was not learned, as the sorry record of the Ministry of Information proves.

Has the Air Ministry invited Fleet Street to accompany it on a day bombing raid to Germany or the French coast?

In the Mediterranean sphere, doubtless because it is farther away from Whitehall, a great deal more imagination is being employed. Correspondents have flown on bombing trips to Brindisi, across the Ægean with the Commander-in-Chief, and on patrol with ships of the Royal Navy. That is just a start, which should be improved on.

We don't want to come out of this war with a Victorian album of static pictorial records. Why not actual camera raids, by camera-conscious R.A.F. pilots? With the exception of the blotted-out area in Rotterdam and a couple of seaplane base pictures from Sylt before the war really started, aerial photography is largely uninspired. It is of assistance to the men in charge of maps. But no encouragement to the others whose sons are giving their lives in aerial combat, or to the workers in aviation factories who would like to see just what happens.

The men who make speeches say we are fighting for freedom. Occasionally they say we are also fighting for the freedom of the Press. That is all very well. I say this; let's have a little freedom of the camera just to go on with!

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 42)

On Duty

used to the best possible advantage.

THE BOOK EXERCISE. Find a large heavy book, place this on your head, walk round the room several times in your bare feet. In order to keep the book on your head you will have to stand up straight with your shoulders back and your stomach held in. Walk with your toes pointed straight ahead, placing your weight slightly on the outer borders of your feet. This will teach you how to hold your head up in future.

BACK AND FRONT EXERCISE. Stand up straight, place one hand on the abdomen and the other hand on your buttocks. Contract the muscles beneath your hands simultaneously. Relax. Repeat. Do this eighteen times.

ANOTHER STOMACH EXERCISE. Lie flat on your back, your head on one small flat cushion. Draw your knees up, contract the muscles of your abdomen until you feel as if they are pressed against your backbone. Hold for two seconds, relax, contract again—eighteen times in all.

THE DONKEY. This exercise will inspire you to hold your shoulders straight. (*a*) Kneel on hands and knees. The hands should be directly in a line with your shoulders and the knees with your buttocks and your backbone quite straight all the way. (*b*) Contract your

abdominal muscles so that your back is rounded in a long curve and your head drops between your arms. (*c*) Straighten your back again and at the same time pull up your head. Do this alternately twelve times.

DANGERS OF BAD POSTURE. Figure faults due to slouching which may date back to childhood days include round back (kyphosis) or hollow or sway back (lordosis). Round shoulders and sway back are often seen in the same woman, especially if she has the tall slender type of figure. These very ordinary figure faults may also cause many female complaints. So take warning, and if your posture is not as good as it should be, set about putting your figure in order with the help of the exercises described above and get into the habit of holding yourself well.

Off Duty (*Continued from page 42*)

One of the best wartime face treatments I have discovered is an electrical treatment you can have in your own home. This is the Josephine Kell method, which became very well known before the war, and for sheer efficiency nothing in my opinion can beat her technique. The treatment lasts for about an hour and a quarter, the price charged is approximately the same as you pay in a first-class beauty parlour, and the results really are satisfying. By the time my treatment was finished no one could ever have guessed I had been playing fireman. Helena Rubinstein is also concentrating on wartime beauty treatments. It is an excellent idea of hers to have a special half-hour treatment for reconditioning shelter-faded complexions. Extra care for tired eyes is automatically given in these days with every treatment and there is a twenty per cent discount on all treatments to women in uniform. If you can't dress up when you are off duty and yet you wish to produce an atmosphere of light-hearted glamour, try a suspicion of the new Rubinstein "Daphne" perfume. It is slightly less flowery but just as deliciously light as the "Apple Blossom."

Nigger Grey and Yellow Sweater

(*Continued from page 40*)

row of 3rd grey block, and continue to inc. on every 4th grey row until there are 128 sts. Work straight until there are 13 ins. up side seam (you are now working 6th grey bar. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every grey row, until there are 92 sts. Finish 7th grey bar, and now use nigger in place of grey, until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows leaving 36 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until 10 rows of 1st nigger bar have been worked. Now work 35 sts. Cast off 22, work 35. Continue patt. on these 35 sts. and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row, until there are 28 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 70 sts. with No. 11 needles, work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 6 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 82 sts. Continue with nigger and yellow bands and at the same time k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 rows of 4th band worked. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Pick up 84 sts. round neck and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 6 rows with No. 11 needles. Cast off. Work crochet along shoulder edges, and sew on press studs.

END

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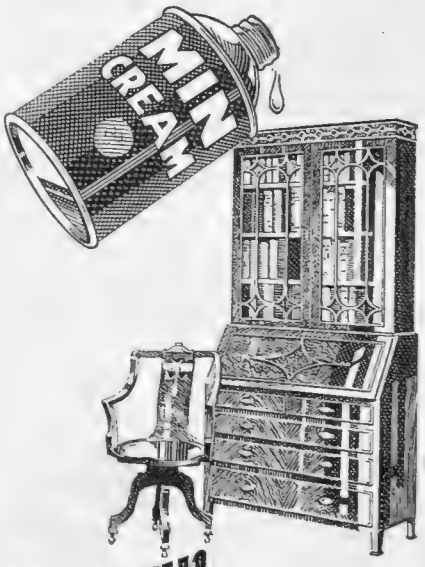

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British History in Stone (*Continued from page* 3)

He turned to the block, knelt down and placed his pale and handsome head in its gruesome hollow.

"Remember!" he said quietly, and the headsman's axe fell, whereupon a great sighing groan echoed through Whitehall, followed by dead silence.

WHAT were Oliver Cromwell's thoughts at this moment when the English took the life of their king?

Charles had wobbled all his life, until the moment came when he had to leave it and he became firm and true. Cromwell neither wobbled nor hesitated. He was not that kind of a man. He was as bold and resolute as his hard and warted face indicated. A man of the soil, a man with an Old Testament forever in his head (and most times clutched also under his left arm, his right arm being otherwise engaged with a sword).

And he knew that Charles's trial was not strictly legal. But, with feelings that might have been shared by the King in other circumstances, Oliver Cromwell reasoned that the end justified the means. Was not the Old Testament full of such instances?

And if it was in the Old Testament, it was quite good enough for Cromwell. He might have been a harsh man, he could tell himself, but he was not a cruel man. Ireland, true, was to suffer the most appalling savagery at his hands. But that was not the fault of the Captain-General and Protector. It was simply that they were wrong-headed enough to resist the forces of true Christianity. People got hurt that way. It were better for the Irish to die than to live in rebellion against the good and true Ironsides.

The manner and justice of King Charles's death was a subject which Cromwell became increasingly loath to discuss. The King had been refused access to a hearing either by the Lords or the Commons. "It is not my case alone," he had declared. "It concerns the freedom and liberty of the English people." Which was just how Cromwell could have put it.

There was no time to be lost, however; Charles had his points, no doubt, but he was vain and far too often a double-crosser to deserve the people's confidence. England must be pulled together quickly, or she would fall to pieces.

First, a thoroughly efficient secret service for spying on the people would have to be organised. Then the armed forces must be small, compact and thoroughly trustworthy from a political point of view.

Power must be held by one supreme leader —and who better than Oliver Cromwell? Perhaps there was some wisdom in the dead King's contention that parliaments were a bit of a nuisance. Have a parliament, by all means, but let it not interfere with the serious task of government. One way of ensuring this, Cromwell discovered, was to load a parliament with such powers that it could not possibly function, and thus handed itself over to the Protector.

Nine years after King Charles, the death of Cromwell brought to a sharp end the purging days of the Commonwealth. He died powerful and respected. But to what purpose had been his life?

His magnificent army slipped back again into venality and sloth, to await the coming of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. His England gave itself over to decades of more conspiracy, dishonesty in high places and licentiousness thinly glossed with a wit and gaiety absent during the reign of the first Charles.

Men who had seen that Charles die, lived only to see themselves mounting the scaffold. Or to know that the body of the Lord Protector was re-buried under the Tyburn gallows tree, and the skull of his once-domineering face stuck, amidst ribald cries, to a gable of Westminster Hall. G. B.

END

Keeping Face (*Continued from page* 45)

shampoo. If shampoos are beyond your reach for a few days try Mason's College Hair Wash, a refreshing cleansing lotion that should be massaged in and towelled off—it leaves your hair fresh and fluffy.

EYES Deep-set eyes are a make-up problem at any time; both eyeshadow and mascara smudge on them. Nevertheless, they seldom can look as tired and heavy as large eyes. The chief danger is a swollen look. Make-up is a good disguise for this, but if it will smudge, use Mason's Permanent Lashdye. That will make your lashes shades darker. Before starting any make-up, however, use an eyelotion or eyedrops, and make sure that your eyebrows are clear cut. If your eyes will take shadow and mascara use the same routine as for large eyes; if not use only the lashdye and perhaps a tiny line of pencil on the rims just above the lashes. Remember to keep all the rules of eye health so that whites are blue-white and rims not pink. Large eyes can look very weary with puffy lids above, deep circles below and wrinkles around. For wrinkled lids, use Helena Rubinstein's Herbal Eye Tissue Oil, just the slightest smear will give satin gleam and keep the lids smooth.

Choose your eyeshadow to bring out the required colour of your eyes. Hazel eyes take green well, and perhaps blue, or brown. Choose navy if your eyes are blue, and keep the bright blue shades for the evening. Brown is a great favourite for all brown eyes. Apply the shadow in the centre of the upper lid and shade it off to the corners following the contour of your upper lid and taking it well away to the corner of the eyes to give you width. Mascara—there are so many excellent makes—is a magic weaver and will add mystery to the weariest eyes if not overdone. For deep shadows under your eyes you have to be a little cleverer with your rouge, bringing the faintest blush of it up under your eyes and over the shadows—it should be the merest whisper. Bags under the eyes can also be slightly disguised in this way if they are not too pouchy.

END

The Dream of Mars (*Continued from page* 29)

adhesion to a post-war block taking in Greece and Bulgaria, Rumania, Iraq, and Persia.

We know now that talk and plans, unbacked by force, are futile. The poor young League of Nations lies dead in its white palace on the narcissus-clad shore of the enchanted lake where, aptly, Gibbons wrote his *Decline and Fall*. It perished because its makers provided it with a multitude of tongues, but no teeth.

Conferences? Eleven hundred statesmen, diplomats and experts met at The Hague in the summer of 1929 to liquidate the first world war finally through the Young Plan. To-day's world is a commentary on the measure of their success.

Four years later, an even more imposing crowd assembled in the Geological Museum in London. Their business was to settle the world's economic problem. His Britannic Majesty, King George V, opened the proceedings. But Roosevelt could not see eye to eye with Britain on monetary policy, specifically the pound-dollar exchange; and he torpedoed the whole show. Actually, the conference was poppycock. If the British and the Americans had been able to make a direct pact, the rest of the world would have followed—the rest of the world could not have helped itself anyway, joint Anglo-American economic power being what it is.

Hitler rubbed his hands. Things were going fine for him and his force philosophy. He had written in *Mein Kampf*: "Pacifism may be quite good when the supreme human being shall have finally conquered the world and subjugated it to such an extent that it makes him the sole master of the earth. . . . Therefore, first battle, then pacifism." Brief —and to the point!

In perspective we can see now that the first world war never was liquidated, and that the political organisation of the world was at a dead end before the second world war began. Now grim and sanguinary events are breaking down barriers in men's minds, and inclining them to coalesce where formerly they repelled one another. However the war ends, we are going to see some big mergers and coalitions. Take a glance at some of the larger aspirations.

Among all the nations, the British commonwealth group are about the only ones who do not want more territory than they already possess. Even the Americans, alarmed now for their security, want more territories for naval and air bases; and are getting them, from Britain. But the British Empire's satisfaction with what it has is not unnatural. After all, the commonwealth group comprises a fourth of the habitable earth, and a fourth of the world population. Britain's ocean empire puts her next door to all the great markets. The empire produces about seventy per cent of the world's gold, half its cattle and sheep, ninety per cent of its nickel, a third of its zinc, a quarter of its lead, nine-tenths of its rubber, eighty per cent of its wool, a third of its wheat, and two-thirds of its rice. A nice estate to loot!

The Dutch had a pleasant imperial estate, too. Now it lies under the shadow of the Japanese fleet and armies—the huge and immensely rich island empire of the Netherlands Indies, with 60,000,000 people. The Japanese, who envisage an empire embracing not only China, but ultimately the islands of the South Pacific, Mongolia, and the maritime provinces of Russia, are already occupying French Indo-China. What is going to happen to the rest of France's 4,000,000 square miles of empire territory is one of the major war riddles.

Glance at the French drama, which is not played out yet, and which produced halfway through an astonishing offer which sheds some light on the world future.

On May 19 Weygand was called to take over command of the reeling French armies. The Germans were on the Somme. On June 3 the Germans bombed Paris. On June 10 the Parisians awoke to find garbage carts planted all down the wide Champs Elysées. They had been put there overnight to stop transport planes landing. The Government had fled. A smoke pall settled over the city, emptied of all who could fly awheel or afoot. On June 13 Weygand advised Reynaud to ask for an armistice. "Resistance is worse than useless." From London, Churchill made a final desperate effort to hold France in the war. He offered imperial union, everything to be held in common, with common citizenship. The French and British empires would become one.

But it was too late. On June 24 an old man raised his voice at Bordeaux. "The battle is over. France is defeated." Marshal Pétain, ancient, distinguished, vain, narrow, but clear-headed, stiff, precise, standing no nonsense, the victor of Verdun, became Chief of State.

Then Hitler comes out of Germany in his armoured train, and Pétain goes up to Tours to meet him. In front of a wayside station

near Tours Marshal Keitel receives the old French soldier. They review a battalion of honour of the Reichswehr and a platoon of Hitler's S.S. corps d'élite bodyguard. Keitel conducts Pétain to the platform. A man whose military cap, uniform, and boots look too big for him, a man with a long sharp nose and clipped thick moustache, grasps Pétain's hand. Hitler says: "I am sure you did not want war." They enter the Fuehrer's carriage, and get down to business. Pétain returns to Vichy, provisional seat of his government, and presides over his cabinet. A bulletin is posted. Fuehrer Adolf Hitler and Marshal Henri Pétain, French Chief of State, have reached an accord in principle for Franco-German co-operation to "reconstruct peace in Europe."

So, it's all over! Or is it?

One thing, anyway, has dropped out and vanished from the page of history: the project of Briton and Gaul merging their respective empires and destinies, and moving together as citizens of a single larger empire down the enigmatical path of the future.

When one thinks of that now, it scarcely sounds real. But it happened; and it is a measure of just what war can hatch out, if war presses hard enough on men, their governments and institutions. Beside that, the idea of an Anglo-American union, with common citizenship, looks natural and seems to make good sense, the way things are developing. It seems grandiose—a union of 750,000,000 people, 200,000,000 of them whites; but it is not as big as Hitler's dream.

Hitler's is really the Germanic dream, the old *Weltmacht*—world power—lust which obsessed the Hohenzollern empire, and swept it to its doom. The superman of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, conferring in the halls of his mighty new Chancellery in Berlin, planning in his gigantic chalet on the Obersalzberg, dreaming in his steel-concrete-and-glass eagle's nest five thousand feet up on top of the Hochgolling, views a new Charlemagne empire stretching from the Oder to the Ebro merely as a base. The Nazi empire takes in all Europe and Africa for a start. It contains nominally independent units, Spain and Italy, France, Hungary, perhaps a Danubian federation, or Laval's Catholic union which would give France instead of Italy first place among the satellite states of the Nazi empire. But there is no independence or equality in the Nazi scheme or philosophy. The Germans are the *herrenvolk*, and their mission is to rule the earth.

Control is simple and can be maintained without garrisons or arms supervisory commissions. The Nazis intend to concentrate heavy industry in Germany. War being a matter of factories, no state or combination of states in Europe outside Germany will be able to build a war machine big enough to threaten the master folk. The latter will maintain a superior, highly mobile, heavily weaponed and armoured striking force, ready for a blitzkrieg in any direction and at an hour's notice, and sustained by contributions from all the self-governing dominions and vassal states—conquered Britain being among the latter—in the Germanic empire. Monetary and economic machinery for the whole unit will be operated from Berlin. Russia fits into the Nazi empire picture as self-governing dominion Number One.

Stalin may not see it quite that way. He has his own world empire dream. It is not a dream of Russian armies marching over the earth in a conquering horde. He sees his world socialist Utopia being built for him by Communist groups inside most countries, with some help from Moscow expeditionary forces as and when the time seems ripe. Communist groups abroad are disciplined and take their orders from Moscow headquarters. It is the technique which the Nazis have borrowed for their own revolutionary burrowing movements.

Controlling the world's second biggest empire in territorial extent—8,144,000 square miles, with 168,000,000 people in seven big republics, the biggest of which consists of fifty governments and eleven autonomous republics and ten autonomous provinces—one might imagine that Stalin has as much as he could handle. (*Continued on page 74*)

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See Announcement on page 63

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A Dream of Mars

The Nazis' European empire will contain some 450,000,000 people of the white races. Japan had some 120,000,000 yellow people under her imperial hand before she began her war on China in the summer of 1937; the Manchurian grab alone enlarging her empire by 30,000,000 and rich mineral resources. If they get away with their aims in China, Prince Konoye and his totalitarian group will found an Asiatic-Pacific empire of 500,000,000. It will be a monopolistic empire, excluding the individual traders of the west, but dealing on a block basis with the Nazi empire—until such time as the latter is ready for the last of its clearly envisaged and oft-discussed war series, the war to exterminate the warrior Japanese and herd the more docile yellow masses into the *herrenvolk's* imperial world corral.

The Americans have slowly awakened to these large Utopian plans and plots being hatched out on the further shores of the two oceans which moat the American continent. It has only lately penetrated their collective mind that besides being a moat an ocean can also be a highway; and that all this time they have been protected in the Atlantic not by any effort of their own but by the British fleet. Now they look east and west, and see the Nazi-Japanese movement is one of steadily expanding conquest. This tide of conquest, unless checked, will close in on the American Union over both oceans, from South America, and over the top of the world, the direct air route between the eastern and western hemispheres. Hence the abrupt new "mixing up"—as Mr. Churchill puts it—of Anglo-American affairs.

America's empire extends now far into the Pacific, and covers a million square miles, and contains 200,000,000 people. Her imperial interests reach into the Far East, and her imperial commerce exceeds that of all other empires excepting Britain's.

All America's rubber comes from the Netherland Indies, Indo-China, and Malaya, most of her tin from Malaya and the South China Seas area, her hemp, copra, coconut oil and most of her sugar from the Philippine Isles. Her trade with the Far East and the islands of Oceania is one-fourth of all her foreign trade, and two and a half times her trade with South America. She depends on the Far East for six of her seven chief imports; which means that if Japan realises her imperial aims in Asia and the Pacific, Japan will be able to deny America essential supplies as Britain in this war is denying Germany oil, nickel, copper, rubber, and other products which the Nazis badly need.

And south of Panama, behind golden beaches and mountain barriers, lies El Dorado, the rich Latin-American republics, their resources barely scratched so far, great granaries and reservoirs of raw materials—and the combined armies, air and sea fleets of the lot could not stand a day against minor expeditionary force detachments of the Reichswehr and the Luftwaffe, convoyed by the German high seas fleet (with or without Italian, French and captured British reinforcements). Brazil is bigger than the United States. Argentina grows 20,000,000 tons of wheat and other foodstuffs surplus to her own needs, and on her limitless pampas graze 35,000,000 cattle, 75,000,000 sheep, and 9,000,000 horses. But only 10,000,000 people inhabit Argentina which, say the Nazis, with Nazi organisation and fitted into the Nazi world plan, could sustain a hundred millions.

Down in those South American lands German influence is strong. In Brazil, the German bastion, three states are Germanic colonies. Most of the town mayors in Chile have German names. Before Hitler became lord of the Third Reich, the busy Germans built up a £500,000,000 trade stake in South America. The Nazis' idea is to make the local Germans politically dominant in each of the South American states.

That is their plan for the North American republic, too. They propose to abolish the federal organisation by states, and substitute a division by racial groups, with the German-blooded as the ruling, privileged racial class, and the 11,000,000 negroes shipped back in lots to toil in their ancestral African land, the black men's place being taken by whites from overcrowded Europe. Compulsory migrations on a mass scale are a highlight in the blue print of the Nazi world Utopia. Australia would find itself with a trebled population almost before the Australian schoolchildren had time to learn the compulsory *Horst Wessel* song.

But the Americans are doing some Utopia blue-printing on their own account now. Their ideas range from a straight Anglo-American merger, to the project of the British group of nations coming into the American union on the same terms as the existing states of the union, and a new world commonwealth set-up which the Americans and the British Empire would start and which any other nation could join on the same terms as the Americans and British agreed. Fantastic? Maybe; but much more realistic than the Anglo-French imperial union, which did not have even a common tongue or way of thinking to operate as a basis.

Meantime, America needs bases; and Britain has leased her eight, immensely and immediately increasing America's Atlantic sea power. She has a chain of Pacific bases, but needs more: and is getting them, from Britain. Britain has made her free of Singapore, the greatest naval stronghold in the Pacific area. Britain needs destroyers, and has got them from America, and will get more. She needs tanks, warplanes, instruments, steel, shells, and many other things, and is getting them on the basis of "here-you-are-and-never-mind-the-money." This is practical partnership in war.

It could be extended later to remodel the old peace-ravaged world, which the new war has finally knocked to pieces. It could be used to organise a world peace which none could ever disturb again, except possibly by minor civil or small-state wars outside the big-commonwealth zone guaranteed by Anglo-American arms and law: disputes of no moment to the world and mankind as a whole, unless one subscribes to the "for whom the bell tolls" thesis of Donne, that poetic conception of a bit of you and me and every one else dying whenever any one dies anywhere of any cause.

This Anglo-American commonwealth—which incidentally would solve the Indian problem which interests so many Americans—would own sea and air fleets which no other state or combination of states could ever match, and sea and air bases giving it the strategic mastery of every continent and sea. In inventive genius, energy, scientific and technical knowledge, equipment and brains, it would have no rival. And its world leadership could be exerted without encroaching on any of the things which protect the freedom of the individual in the English-speaking lands. Such a union could even solve the tough post-war problem of Germany in Europe—minus the Nazis, the corrupt inconvertibles.

Will this desirable Utopia arrive? Shall we survive actually to live in it? Your guess is as good as mine. Certainly if the current Anglo-American partnership wins the military battle, the totalitarian despotisms of Germany, Italy and Japan will go down, and that of Russia may be profoundly modified. Government in the totalitarian lands will revert to men who acknowledge civilised codes of justice and honour, who are not wedded to the idea that might is right, that the true unit of society is the State and not the family, that the State must be organised on Spartan lines, and that war is necessary and glorious, and must be unending until all the world is brought under the sway of one conquering race destined to rule mankind.

Casserole It

(*Continued from page* 46)

Garden Hot-pot.—1 cabbage, ½ lb. potatoes, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 6 to 8 spring onions or 1 leek, 2 handfuls picked spinach, 2 oz. dripping, a little milk mixed with water, salt and pepper.

Boil cabbage, carrot and turnip until they are nearly ready, then drain them and cut them up. Put the dripping in the casserole. Mix the spinach with the other vegetables and put them in with a little milk and water. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; cover. Bring to simmering point and cook gently for about quarter of an hour. (Regulo, Mark 4.)

Turnip with Cheese.—1 large turnip, 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, 1 teacupful breadcrumbs, just under ¼ pint milk, a little margarine.

Peel turnip and cut into rough chunks. Boil ten minutes in salted water; drain and slice. Grease a casserole and put in the turnip. Add salt and pepper, a few dabs of margarine, and milk. Cover with breadcrumbs, sprinkle cheese over, and bake half an hour in a hot oven. (Regulo, Mark 7.)

For Lunch or Supper

(*Continued from page* 47)

Cut in wedges and arrange round a dish of mixed boiled carrots and brussels sprouts.

Sausages in a Blanket.—1½ lb. mashed potatoes, ¾ lb. sausages, 2 oz. dripping, flour, seasoning, chopped parsley.

Flour a baking board and roller, and roll out the potato, which should be rather dry, well seasoned and free from lumps, like pastry. Cut into twice as many squares as you have sausages. Skin and halve the sausages. Lay each half-sausage on a square of potato, sprinkle a little parsley over, and roll up.

Put the fat in a baking tin in a hot oven and when smoking hot add the sausages. Bake about thirty minutes, turning as required. Serve with H.P. sauce and a salad made with shredded raw cabbage, grated carrot and watercress. (Regulo, Mark 7.)

Fish Scallops.—1 lb. cooked fish or tinned salmon, about ¾ pint white sauce, 2 tablespoonfuls H.P. sauce, 2 oz. grated cheese, breadcrumbs, a little milk, seasoning.

Bone and flake the fish. In a basin mix the cheese and sauce with a little milk, and add the fish. Stir in the H.P. sauce, and season with salt and pepper. Put into scallop shells, sprinkling the top with cheese and breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. (Regulo, Mark 6.)

Main-dish Salad.—1 medium tin herring roes, 1 bunch watercress, ¼ small cabbage (red cabbage makes a good touch of colour in a salad, and is delicious), 1 apple or 1 grated raw carrot, 1 orange (rind and juice), 6 spring onions, a little parsley, oil, vinegar, salt, pepper.

Wash cabbage and shred finely. Wash and break up watercress. Don't waste the stalks; chop them up. Chop the parsley, quarter the apple, remove pips, and put it through the mincer, core and all (or grate the carrot). Grate orange rind and squeeze out juice. Wash and chop the onions, including green part.

Mix 2 saltspoonfuls salt and a little pepper with 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar. Add 3 tablespoonfuls salad oil and mix again. Put this dressing in the salad bowl. Add the contents of the tin of roes and then the other ingredients, reserving the grated orange rind and a few sprigs of watercress for decoration. Mix thoroughly. Scatter orange rind over and place sprigs of watercress round.

1.2.41

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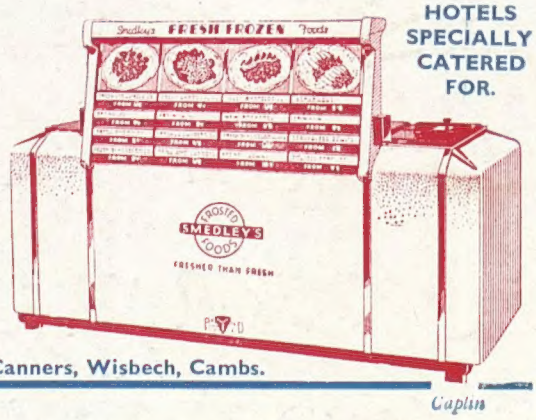

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